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JOHN BAPTIST BELZONI.

THE spirit of enterprise which has incited so many ingenious men, within the last half century, to employ their time and talents in exploring regions and places remote and difficult of access, has been frequently productive of curious and important discoveries. But in few instances has this spirit been rewarded with such splendid success as has attended the exertions of the enterprising traveller, whose memoirs we have too prematurely to offer to our readers. As the names of Bruce, Parke, and Humboldt, are intimately connected in our recollection with those of Abyssinia, the Niger, and the Orinoco, so will the name of Belzoni be henceforth associated with the almost imperishable antiquities of Egypt.

This traveller was born at Padua, being descended from a family originally settled at Rome. In the early part of his life it was his intention to embrace the monastic profession; but the invasion of Italy by the French, in the beginning of the present century, and the consequent popular commotions which took place, induced Belzoni not only to give up all thoughts of becoming a monk, but also to leave his native country for the purpose of seeking his fortune elsewhere. After travelling to several places, and encountering many vicissitudes, he came to England in the year 1803. The state of his circumstances at this time was probably not very flourishing, for he is said to have exhibited, at Astley's Amphitheatre, feats of strength and activity, in the character of a modern Hercules; for which he was well qualified by nature, being very robust and several inches more than six feet high.

He remained here about nine years, and during the interval, married a lady, who is, we believe, a native of this country. In 1812, he left England, and having visited Portugal, Spain, and Malta, went, in 1815, to Egypt. He continued there about four years, employing his time in exploring the dilapidated monuments of antiquity, so thickly scattered over that interesting region of the world. Of his journeys, operations, and discoveries, he afterwards published a curious narrative; from which we shall extract such details as are most intimately connected with his personal history.

His first journey from Cairo to the second cataract of the Nile, took up more than five months; a considerable portion of which period was employed in removing, from ancient Thebes, to Alexandria, the head of the colossal statue of Memnon, now at the British Museum. Belzoni left Bulak, on the 30th of June, 1816, accompanied by his wife, the resolute companion of his peregrinations, who, when occasion required, stood forward, with pistol in hand, as boldly as her husband, to resist the depredations and assaults of the wild Arabs. He had also with him James Curtain, an Irish servant, with an interpreter, and a Janizary. On the 11th of July, they reached Dendera, and proceeded towards Thebes, where they arrived on the 22nd. He immediately commenced the difficult task of removing the gigantic head, which was shifted on rollers, towards the river, at the rate of from 50 to 400 yards a day, and at length safely placed in a situation ready to be embarked. He afterwards visited the sepulchral excavations in the mountains of Gournou, and removed from one of them a sarcophagus, in doing which he encountered some perilous adventures. As he was obliged to wait some time for a boat from Cairo, to take away the head of the Memnonian statue, Belzoni determined, in the interim, to extend his voyage up the Nile; he accordingly visited Edfu and Ombos, at the former of which places are the ruins of a superb temple. On the 24th of August, he proceeded to Assuan, where are immense quarries of granite, which probably furnished the materials for the mighty structures of the ancient Egyptians. By the 5th of September, he got to Deir, the capital of Lower Nubia, beyond which, but few travellers have advanced. He continued his voyage, however, to Ibrim, and thence to the second

cataract, where he and his whole party were nearly lost, in an attempt to ascend the current in a boat. But they fortunately succeeded in reaching the shore, and then set off on foot to examine the country. They took with them provisions and water, and proceeded on the rocks, and over a plain of sand and stones, till they arrived at the rock called Apsir, which is the highest in the neighbourhood of the cataract, and commands a complete view of the falls. The prospect from this spot is magnificent. Several thousand islands are to be seen, of various sizes and forms, with as many different falls of water, running rapidly onward, while counter-currents return with equal velocity, exhibiting a diversified appearance truly grand. The blackness of the stones, the green of the trees on the islands, intermixed with the white froth of the water, form a fine picture, which can hardly be described or delineated. From this point the traveller returned down the Nile; stopped at Ipsambul, and commenced removing the accumulated sand of ages from the temple at that place; but, owing to the want of time, he was obliged to leave the operation unfinished, that he might return to the neighbourhood of Thebes, where he arrived in safety; and successfully completed the principal object of his journey.

On the 20th of February, 1817, Belzoni, accompanied by Mr. Beechey, son of Sir W. Beechey, the celebrated painter, again left Bulak, and proceeded up the Nile, with a view to explore the sepulchres of the ancient inhabitants of Egypt. It was in the course of this expedition that Belzoni discovered the singular and splendid tomb in the sacred valley of Beban el Malook, the structure and decorations of which have been made familiar to the inhabitants of our Metropolis, by means of the curious models and *fac simile* representations of some of the chambers, which were exhibited to the public in 1821, and again last season. In this journey also, he resumed the task of clearing away the sand from the ancient temple of Ipsambul; which, on being uncovered, was found to be a most magnificent structure, enriched with beautiful paintings, intaglios, colossal statues, and other works of art. This temple appears to be an excavation out of the solid rock, situated one hundred feet above the Nile, a day and half's journey from the second cataract, in Nubia. It is the last and

largest temple of the kind in Nubia or Egypt. The sand had covered it to the depth of thirty-one feet; and it took twenty-two days to open it, besides the six days employed on it the preceding year. There were sometimes eighty men at work, and sometimes only Belzoni and his party, consisting of Mr. Beechey, Captains Irby and Mangles, (two gentlemen who had joined him), himself, two servants, and the crew of the boat; eleven in all, and three boys. On the 4th of August, they quitted this interesting spot, and sailed rapidly down the Nile, then at its height. Returning to Gournou, Belzoni found himself prevented from carrying on his researches in the mummy-pits, by some agents of the French government, who were in possession of them. Being thus forestalled, he removed to the valley of Beban al Malook, where his ingenuity and perseverance were rewarded by the discovery of the supposed tomb of the Egyptian king Psammis already noticed. But even this fortunate achievement, splendid as it was, will be considered by some as surpassed by the operation of penetrating into one of the great pyramids at Ghizeh, which for several ages had never been entered by a human being. One of these mighty structures, as is well known, has always been open, and has frequently been visited by travellers, who have described the passages and chambers of the interior; but the others were closed, and their mountain masses seemed to bid defiance to the skill or labour of man to lay them open. Belzoni, however, made the attempt and succeeded; and the result of his investigations has shewn that these monstrous piles must, as the most ancient historians assert, have been designed for sepulchral monuments of the early kings of Egypt. Two more journeys were undertaken by the traveller,—one for the purpose of ascertaining the situation of the ancient city of Berenice, which led to the discovery of the ruins of a temple on the supposed scite of this city, near the Red sea: and the other in search of the famous temple of Jupiter Ammon, in the deserts, around which, perished the army of the Persian conqueror, Cambyses, and which was subsequently visited by Alexander the Great; but in this last excursion, Belzoni discovered nothing very remarkable, except a fountain, which was comparatively cold at noon and hot at midnight.

Not long after this last expedition, he bid adieu to the country whose remote antiquities he had explored with such unrivalled success, and returned to Europe. Making a visit to Italy, he took an opportunity to present to the city of Padua, two lion-headed statues of granite, which he had brought from Egypt. These his countrymen placed in the Palazza della Justizia, or, Town-hall; and to shew the interest they took in the fame of their fellow citizen, they caused a medal to be struck, bearing on one side a representation of the statues in question, and on the other the following inscription:—"*Jo. Bapt. Belzoni, Patavino, qui Cephrenis Pyramidem, Apidisque Sepulchrum primus aperuit, et Urbem Berenicis Nubiæ, et Libæ montes impavide detexit.*" i. e. To J. B. Belzoni, a Paduan, who first opened the Pyramid of Cephrenes, and the Tomb of Apis, and who fearlessly explored the city of Berenice in Nubia, and the mountains of Libya.

To Mr. Salt, the British consul in Egypt, Belzoni had been much indebted, for pecuniary and other assistance in the progress of his undertakings, and to this country he hastened to lay their results before the public. In 1820, was published a "Narrative of the Operations and recent Discoveries within the Pyramids, Temples, Tombs, and Excavations in Egypt and Nubia; and of a journey to the coast of the Red Sea, in search of the ancient Berenice, and another to the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon, by G. Belzoni," 4to. to the second edition of which was added an appendix and a map. Forty-four plates in atlas folio, to illustrate the operations of Belzoni in Egypt and Nubia, were also published separately. And in 1821, was opened the very curious exhibition, in the Egyptian-hall, in Piccadilly, already alluded to, which attracted a vast multitude of spectators, and must have proved very profitable to the spirited and ingenious proprietor. It was removed the ensuing season to Paris, where unfortunately it did not meet with the attention which it deserved.

Belzoni afterwards undertook an expedition of discovery to the central parts of Africa, which scheme was destined to prove fatal to him, as it had to Parke, Ritchie, Bowdich, and other enterprising travellers. Of this melancholy catastrophe an authentic account was given in a letter, addressed to a gentleman

of Liverpool, and published a few months after the event. The following is a copy of this interesting communication.

"Brig Castor, British Accarah,
Jan. 7, 1824.

"I wrote you, some time since, almost at a venture, mentioning the arrival in Benin river of Mr. G. Belzoni, the celebrated traveller, who was attempting to reach Housa and Timbuctoo, by way of Benin. I am sorry to inform you that, like all others who have made this trial, he has perished. He died at Gato, the 3d of December, 1823.—As I think it will interest you, I will give you an idea of his prospects of succeeding in this perilous expedition when they were closed by his death. He had been a considerable time a very welcome guest on board this brig, waiting for the time a Mr. J. Houtson, could accompany him to Benin, whose interest with the king of that place he considered would be serviceable to him. On the night of the 24th of November, he left us to set off with Mr. Houtson, for Gato. On parting with us he seemed a little agitated, particularly when the crew, to each of whom he had made a present, gave him three loud cheers on leaving the vessel. 'God bless you, my fine fellows, and send you a happy sight of your country and friends;' was his answer. On the 3d of December, I received a letter from Mr. Houtson, requesting me to come to Benin, as Mr. B. was lying dangerously ill, and in case of death, wishing a second person to be present. I was prevented going, not only by business, but also by a severe fever. On the 5th, I had a second letter from Mr. H. with the particulars of Mr. B.'s end, and one from himself almost illegible, dated December 2d, requesting me to assist in the disposal of his effects, and to remit the proceeds to his agents in London; together with a beautiful amethyst ring he wore, which he seemed particularly anxious should be delivered to his wife, with the assurance that he died in the fullest affection for her, as he found himself too weak to write his last wishes and adieus. He was interred at Gato next day, with all the respect possible; and I furnished a large board with the following inscription, and which was placed over his grave:

'Here lie the remains of
GIOVANBATTISTA BELZONI,
Who was attacked with Dysentery at Benin,
On his way to Houssa and Timbuctoo,
On the 26th of November, and died at this place,
December 3d, 1823.

The gentleman who placed this inscription over the grave of this intrepid and enterprising traveller, hopes that every European visiting this spot, will cause the ground to be cleared, and the fence round the grave to be repaired, if necessary.' "

The memory of such a votary of science ought certainly to be preserved by some more durable monument, in the country which fostered his enterprises, and shared the fame of his success: but whether or not, Belzoni may partake the honours of "the storied urn and animated bust" with the mighty dead, who sleep in Westminster-abbey, or St. Paul's-cathedral, his name will hardly fall into oblivion, in any age or country, in which the pyramids and sepulchres of Egypt are the objects of rational curiosity and admiration.

MADEMOISELLE BIERON.

MAD. BIERON or Biheron was a very ingenious Parisian lady, who distinguished herself by talents of a peculiar kind. She was born in 1719, and died in 1795. She studied with success music, painting, history, and geography; but is chiefly deserving of notice for her knowledge of anatomy, and the curious works she executed to illustrate that science. These are models in wax of various parts of the animal structure, which, together with her paintings on vellum of subjects belonging to natural history, are preserved in the Museum of Natural History at Paris. M. Vicq d'Azyr, in 1777, presented to the Academy of Sciences a memoir on the anatomical preparations of Mad. Bieron, and the Empress of Russia bought several for her cabinet, now in the Museum of Natural Nistory at Petersburgh.

General Dictionary of Biography, 1825.

TARA'S HALLS.

BY A BRITISH OFFICER, TO A FRIEND IN ENGLAND.

(Continued from page 153.)

That star of the field, which so often has poured
Its beam on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword,
To brighten our memory yet!"

THE accident with which I concluded my last letter, and which so inopportunely "put out my light," compelled me to retire to my pillow. But in the morning, how was I awakened? or, rather, how was I roused from my musings on the little cabin couch of gathered heath, which, spread under a grey blanket, comprised all the bed this lonely *rath* of decayed majesty could afford its guest?—I had lain sometime, the morning star yet twinkling its dewy rays in at my window, meditating on what I had read the night before, of Sadeb's royal forefathers, and was also pondering on the extraordinary changes which allowed me, the descendant of a race of plain untitled English gentry, to companion my heart with her, before whom, had we been born some centuries ago, I must have stood, awed, and unbonnetted, with all the reverence of an impassable distance; thus, musing, I was interrupted by a soft strain of music, gently stealing on the silence of the hour. Here was no Coronach; the air was plaintive, but with notes of tenderness, not grief. I listened, as the touch of a light harp drew nearer, such a harp as is still sometimes seen on the arm of the aged, wandering bard, and carried in the manner of the ancient lyre. That personage, no longer clad in the badged robe from chief and lady, but shivering under garments of shreds and patches, may yet be found, rambling among the remote glens of milesian Ireland; that is, far from towns, and in the neighbourhood of some crumbling domain of departed greatness alone, where poverty and proud memory give their ear and their praise, and share the now scanty welcome cup of "the blood-red wine," with the minstrel recorder of their glory, remembered only in that song, or on the ready register of their race's tomb. But this was no such son of the hoary-headed bard, come to hang up his harp

in this ancient hall. The voice which accompanied the sweet instrument of green Erin, now under my window, soon told me that youth and loveliness, and that bright faith, pure as the waters of Avoca, were its supporters. Thus did that voice sing; and fondly did my heart listen to strain on strain—

Come, share with me, my cottage, love!
'Tis freshly decked for thee;
And there 'twill be my pride to prove,
Thy love is all to me!

Vain, glitt'ring show it need not boast,
Thou lov'st simplicity;
Nor riches from fair England's coast,
Shall e'er be wish'd by me.

The myrtle, with the laurel twined,
Will be a gown for thee;
And from each chilling blast of wind,
Thy arms shall shelter me.

There, from memory's dark parade,
Or fortune's homage free,
I'll wander with thee through life's shade,
In calm felicity.

O, then, dear love, cherish the heart
That only beats for thee;
For, ah! too sure, where'er thou art,
'Tis paradise to me!

The notes ceased; but they had left their echo in my heart. The sweet songstress, too, had disappeared before I reached the window, to tell her, what she well knew, and you may well guess. I had not undressed, in the compulsive transition from my book to my bed, on the abrupt darkness of the preceding night; therefore could now hasten after the beloved "awakener from dreams!" the fairest real "vision, of thy daughters, Inisfail!" I did not even hear her fleet footsteps, nor discern her floating mantle, till I entered the cabin of her grandfather, and met her supporting his aged arm on her's, while she led him to the chair, before which was placed his morning repast. Our eyes met, while he put my lips to the venerable hand; but not the hand which rested on that snowy arm. I did not so mingle the affectionately solemn tribute of reverential emotion, with the agitating rapture of a lover's gratitude, but my look laid

my heart at her feet. She smiled. Oh, such a smile! all of female modesty, female tenderness, female devotedness, were there.

"Had I kingdoms, Sadeb," whispered I, they should all be yours!"

"Were I mistress of a thousand realms," answered she, in a yet lower voice; though her grandsire's deafness from age, sheltered his time-tranquillized heart from hearing the soul-disturbing fondness of ours; "Eugene, for thee, I would leave them all!"—"Here, then, I am happy without such sacrifice!" My arm folded round her, while she so sweetly smiled and spoke, and gently I assisted her to seat the venerable Duachandonn.

"This is my birth-day," said he; "see how Sadeb has decked its morning!—I must no where remember the cypress of the last evening; for all these shamrocks round my cup are bound with jasmine; thy flower of hope, sweet child!" and he kissed her forehead.—"But where is hope for the daughter of kings, in the land where their name is known no more? Where is hope for the land where they are forgotten?" "By forgetting us, my father," cried she, still kneeling before him, "and every man of our kindred and people, looking to himself alone, as the fittest guardian of his dignity, and carver of his fortunes. Princes, however good they be, do not make us men! so I would say, were I your sex! Neither can they, whether of one race or other hostile to human happiness, detract from every Christian people's birthright—to live by the laws of Almighty justice; to live by the truly noble principle of independence, established in that of a generous spirit and personal labour; seeing no difference, in fact, between the spade and the truncheon, provided the result be the honest bread of manly self-providence. Let us not lament, my father, over the trappings of power, or the loss of that power's fiat over the destinies of thousands! Let us rather rejoice in the kingdom of our minds, and there rule in obedience to Him who ordains men to thrones, or to the equally honourable varied ministrations of life!"

"Your adjuration is well, my child," replied the venerable prince; "see if you can teach it to the glen-dweller, the roamer in the mist of the mountain! Will they not ask, who laid that burthen on the tongue of a daughter of O'Connor More? And will not the bridal-ring on your finger, answer—a stranger,

from the pale-faced land opposite! my grandsire loved him, and gave me to him; and he has taught me to forget him, my country, and its people's ways!"

"If this ring saith that!" she softly resumed, pressing it to her lips;—I had plighted it to her only a few morning suns before, in the sanctioning presence of the now seemingly, half reproaching Duachandonn; "it will witness falsely.—Ah, foreign from its purpose! Only binding heart to heart, of virgin love, and manhood's trusting honour!—No, my venerated sire; the teacher of these bonds of peace between enemies, between brethren, was my father! your son!"—Her sweet face, now wet with tears of generous emotion, not of grief, bent down on the hand of her grandsire. "When did his voice whisper thee all this, my Sadeb?" faltered the old man, "was it in thy dreams? or, last night, did the sounds visit his daughter's ear, as she leaned over the cold marble of his grave?"—"My father's voice," she tremblingly replied, "speaks no more to mortal ear? its sounds, are praises to his God, in heaven! There he, and 'peace' dwells; with Him, who gave it as His benediction, with 'good will to men!'—In the manuscript your own venerable hand delivered to Eugene, all this is written; and, I have conned it, day and night."

"Give it to me again?" asked the prince, drawing a deep sigh. "How often do we approve, what our feelings will not allow!—I had forgotten this? but it is likely. Thy father was too noble to fear to sheathe the sword; and what was his principle, he set as a standard by him, defending it, whether in honour or dishonour: through good report or evil report, he was still the same—and his spirit is in thy bosom, my child! When thou art a mother, teach thy sons the lesson this stubborn heart could never learn. But, mark me, Eugene," and he turned towards me, with an awful collectedness of manner, yet with something of such warrior, proud defiance in his grey o'er-shadowed eyes, that they seemed to glow with a renovated youthful manhood. "If," continued he, "you, the father of my grandchildren yet unborn, ever sanction one of them in taking other addition to his name, than that with which he came into this world, my last will and testament shall mark him an alien from my blood!" I did not understand the purport of this extraordinary injunction, and I told him so. "What!" replied he, "have you read my son's ac-

count of Ireland, on her throne amongst nations; of Ireland, in her desolation! and have you not observed how we, her sons, repel, or resent, the mockery of distinctions added to our degradation? Sadeb, open that scroll of your father's, and read thence, what you must know I mean. You will find it in the page marked atop with a red star." Sadeb took the manuscript I had put out of my bosom, and laid upon the table, and on turning the leaves according to the command she received, opened it, just where a glance told me the extinction of my light had compelled me to break off. She smiled through a glittering tear, looking up from the revered writing of her deceased parent, and playfully touching the withered hand of her grandsire, with her's, delicate and rose-tipped like the 'fingers of the morn!' "I need not, (half-whispered she,) run over the list of our great O's and Mac Mores, from the root of O Cadmus, to the generation of Mac Milesius, branching without end!"—"No;" returned the now calmed and even smiling Duachandonn; "but it is my will, as far as relates to thee and thine, that the sons of O'Connor derived from me, shall have no end! at least shall never lose themselves in any other appellation under heaven. Therefore, on, my girl, and read how thy progenitors have held thy own." Sadeb, bowing her fair neck, with a second blushing smile, commenced to read where her grandsire's finger pointed.

S. S.

(To be continued.)

CURIOUS MECHANISM.

A WATCH-MAKER of Bayreuth, in Germany, has manufactured a cage filled with birds, to the number of sixty, representing parrots, sparrows, swallows, &c. each of which has the peculiar note bestowed by nature. The cage is made of brass, and the wheels, which make them move and produce the sound, are of silver; the plumage is real. A person of rank offered the watch-maker thirty-two thousand florins for the cage, but he demands sixty-two thousand as the price of his workmanship, the execution of which must have cost him an immense deal of time and labour.

CHEROKEAN TRADITION.

(Continued from page 100.)

MONITON now transformed himself into an otter, and seeing a half-starved miserable female of that kind, he feelingly commiserated her condition, and lamented that her fur was not sufficiently warm to keep out the cold."

"It is a very severe winter," replied the otter, "and the ease and plenty which I enjoyed during the summer months are gone; but I must live quietly on, and wait for the breaking of the waters."

"Have you no company here?"

"No, I am generally alone; such is my destiny; which is a very dull one: but I am so accustomed to a solitary life, that if I am fortunate in catching a few fish, and saving my little ones from the great enemy of our race, I am not dissatisfied with my lot."

"What enemy do you mean?"

"It is a creature that wears our fur to preserve him from the cold."—She had scarcely spoken these words, when an arrow pierced her side; and Moniton, in order to converse with the hunter, appeared to him in the form of a man; and turning to him, he asked, "what he intended to do with the otter?"

"Why," replied he, "I shall convert the fur and skin into a covering, and the flesh I shall boil in my copper, for myself and family; and if you are hungry, you are welcome to join us in our feast."

Moniton consented, and followed the Indian to his wigwham; but on entering, he was horror-struck on seeing five persons busily occupied in cutting and dividing a dead body. Involuntarily turning to his conductor, he demanded if this preparation was for the intended feast.

"To be sure it is; and excellent you will find it, if you sit down with as keen an appetite as I have."

"But why do you eat the flesh of man?"

"Because he is my enemy."

"And what is the cause of your implacable animosity?"

"Oh! he and his tribe live on the other side of the river Wenowee, and from the rise of the world, we have hated each

other, and this hatred occasions war, blood, and spoils; when we fall into their hands, we become food for them."

"Have you then no game nor fruit?"

"Sometimes we find them, but not often."

"What can induce you to feed on your own race?"

"The reason is evident enough: the flesh is much better than that of the buffalo or elk; and it would be silly indeed to give to wolves and foxes, the reward of our valour.—It makes us proud and content.—The thoughts of destroying an adversary, strengthens our courage; and by feasting on the dead we have a double satisfaction, that of gratifying the appetite, and revenging ourselves.—Our war-song delights our wives, children, and our neighbours. The chace would not answer our purpose, as we are not always certain of success."

"And what is your resource when you are unsuccessful?

"Why, we remain suffering until nature will no longer bear the misery of want.—I then depart and travel far from home, and kill the first man or woman that I chance to meet on the way; from your shuddering, I perceive you are no warrior, and unaccustomed to the cravings of hunger.—Depart! and if ever famine should assail you, you will not fail in resolution to destroy the human species."

Stunned almost with what he heard, and severely shocked with the sight before him, Moniton deeply lamented the having created man; and, nearly lost in thought, he slowly walked on; when, to relieve his depression, he assumed the form of an oppossum, and meeting a female of that kind, he thus hailed her:—

"Well met, my little friend, and how are you? and how do you contrive to live in these parts?"

"Very well, indeed; and from my diminutive size, I hide myself easily; and as I know my weakness, I do not pretend to contend; and, by this means, I escape the pursuit of my most cruel foe; I relieve the dulness of my retreat, by a never-ceasing care of my family; and the longer it is, the happier we are.—You see about me three generations, all in good health, and I their great grandmother contented in their love."

"But when you are attacked by an enemy, how do you preserve your children from his approach?"

"They have a natural defence in this paunch, into which they all jump the instant any danger is near. I will shew

you how we manage on these occasions. She gave a cry of alarm, and in a moment the little ones obeyed; the paunch was filled, and the mother instantly disappeared.

Affected with the happy expedient, Moniton smiled complacently on a work which he could not disapprove.

Finding it more convenient to travel as a man, he reassumed that form. He was suddenly overtaken by a tremendous storm. The repeated claps of thunder were scarcely heard amid the war of elements; the lightning flashed; and the rain, which fell in torrents, threatened to inundate the country. Moniton was uncertain in his plans, and in contemplating the whole scene, he leaned against a large tree, upon the boughs of which he perceived several squirrels, and immediately transforming himself, he climbed up to them.

"I wish you health, joy, and vivacity," said he, to the first he addressed; "and though an entire stranger, I pray for a seat among you."

"Do as we do then, and place yourself at the lower part of this branch, and turn your fur tail over your back."

"Thank you for this civility; and now, tell me how you spend your time in this country?

"Wonderfully well," said an old squirrel; "we have beechnuts and walnuts in abundance; during the summer, we play and are full of frolic and fun; we make love and are gay, happy, and content. When the winter approaches, we retire to the holes of the largest trees, where we have deposited our provisions, and there, united comfortably with our children, we wait for the return of spring.

"And have you no one to disturb your tranquillity and comfort?"

"Why, yes, we do not fail in that point. Man, the most cruel of all living, frequently assails us, and particularly his tormenting offspring, who shoot their first arrows upon us; but, our legs are so nimble, our eyes so quick, and our judgment so sure, that it is very rarely that we are taken; but we are contented with our lot, and would not change with the buffalo, gigantic as he appears to us."

"You are very comfortable now," said Moniton, "but you will one day have to undergo many and great perils, when these fine trees, that afford you shelter, will be destroyed, and the whole forest will disappear."

"Who can ever have this mighty power to effect so great an evil?"

"Bearded men from the east, who will, on some future period, land on this continent, sword in hand; they will become numerous, and, will entirely change the face of the country; the harvests will replace these fine forests; and meadows instead of savannahs; strength, wisdom, and happiness, will accompany this change, and as their numbers increase, yours will decrease; and the arrow and the bow will yield to the sword and cannon."

"I dare say this day of destruction is not very near."

"No, it will be some time before it arrives, since a thousand solar revolutions will expire before it happens."

"Well then," rejoined the squirrel, "let us merrily live on, as we have done: too much foresight is always productive of folly and misery."

"You reason well for a skipping squirrel, and are the most contented little animal, that I have met with in my pilgrimage on earth."

"What are you then, and whence do you come?" asked one of the squirrels.

"If I should fully discover my origin, it would annihilate you. Know that the universe, and all its wonders, are the work of my hands, the effect of my bounty: the whole is my creation!"

"You, a squirrel like myself! you create the world!—You impart wonders!—Pray, if you are this thing of power, why do you not prevent the bearded nation of the earth from coming to destroy these fine forests, which are our inheritance?"

"There is a still more powerful arm than mine, called Destiny, which often wills and orders a course of most extraordinary events."

"Why do you not endeavour to reason with her on those things?"

"It would be of no use; for she is not to be changed in her purposes."

The storm ceasing, Moniton left these lively animals, and again assumed the form of man, and as he was walking slowly, and reflecting on the happiness of the squirrels, he inadvertently fell into a ditch, which had been thinly covered with moss and briars; at the bottom of which he found a panther

two wolves, a fox, and a poor Indian, whose name was Webemet, and to whom Moniton addressed himself.—

"You appear to me very wretched; are you suffering from any immediate pain?"

"I experience nothing but sufferings; my whole life, to the present moment, has only been a continued series of misfortunes. Why was breath given to me, since it only enables me to endure the evils of life?—I daily am exposed to the horrors of famine, and the wants of my family touch the tenderest chords of my heart. Oh! that I was a wolf, or an eagle, that I might enjoy myself and fare well!—But now, if I hunt, I either do not succeed, or the Catamountain carries off my spoils; if I angle, the fish knows so well the bait, that when I think the prey is mine, it only gnaws it off and swims away, as if the hook of the unfortunate Webemet was known to the finny race!—It was but the other day that I was sleeping at the foot of a tree, where I thought myself quite secure from danger, when a branch, broken by the wind, fell and fractured my leg; fire has destroyed my wigwham four times; my wife is generally ill; and yesterday, my eldest boy, although he can swim like a fish, was drowned in the river. In the winter, I am frozen with the cold; and in the summer, I am suffocated with the heat; and at the present moment I am confined in this hole!—A thousand times have I cursed life, and all the ills it has engendered!—Why does not the great Moniton, who is said to dwell in heaven, descend sometimes, and visit his creation; the contemplation of the world's misery might raise his compassion, and soften and mitigate its punishment. He may not know the wickedness of mankind, and the delight they experience in persecuting each other; and, perhaps, he is ignorant of the severity of the elements, to which their nakedness exposes them. Why are we subject to devouring hunger and all the other various wants of nature?—Why are we supplied with no other instruments than our hands for the numerous occasions where we might employ them? and why, I would further ask, though so feeble, are we so much worse than the brute creation, who never feed upon their own species?—Whence arise those evil dispositions which make us hate each other, destroy our neighbours, and even to pursue them with bloody war?—Why cannot we rather prefer the lap of plenty and live in tran-

quillity and peace?—Why"——But as he was speaking, a man arrived, who, perceiving the stags had escaped, flew into a great passion, and was going to knock them down, when Moniton exclaimed, "Spare our lives, brave warrior; spare us, indefatigable hunter!"

"Spare your lives!—of what consequence are you to me, but to devour you, as I am almost starved, and you are the weaker party?"

"Desist from your present design," entreated Moniton, "and before the sun sets, I promise you a fine buffalo, the skin of which will cover the nakedness of my unfortunate companion."

"Why does he not hunt?—I must have all the buffalo, or thou diest instantly."

"Well, let it be so," said Moniton; and the man walked away to get a cord to assist them out of the ditch.

"What a dreadful offspring of woman!" said Moniton to Webemet.

"You will find all mankind very like him," replied the Indian. "This is only an instance, out of a thousand, of the conduct of man to his fellow-creatures. When they are hungry, which is not seldom, they know neither friend nor relation; they move indiscriminately; the weak yield to the strong, and the simple to the crafty. Is it the same in every part of the globe?"

"Very nearly," answered Moniton.

"To what a fearful state is man subjected!—deprived of arms to defend himself, without clothes to cover the nakedness of nature; condemned to exist under a climate like this, and to live on the flesh of animals as intelligent as himself!"

"You are ungrateful in representing the human race in so very despicable a light. The fingers, which you so much disregard, are nevertheless, far superior to the claws of the tiger, or the paws of a wolf; their reason places them high in the creation, and renders them masters of the universe; they have discovered the wonderful properties of fire; the knowledge of arms, of building canoes and habitations, together with their dress; they have only two legs, 'tis true; but with what dignity do they not contemplate the magnificence of the heavens, the beauties of nature! and by the extraordinary faculty of thought, they are enabled to draw near the Almighty, and in part to understand him, which is denied to the brutes of the

fields. "Man is the master-piece of his master," and his mind is endowed with an astonishing power of progressive improvement, and his heart with the sublimest sentiments which it was possible for a father to bestow on his children; and yet, with all this superiority, man is a vain, presumptuous being—a breathing atom!—and his generations pass away from the earth like the shadowy clouds which are moved by every wind; the earth, which he inhabits, is only a spot in the universe,—one of the smallest globes, among thousands of others, of which it is composed.

"However superior man may be over the brutes of the field," continued Moniton, "which are for ever bound within their limited sphere, although, like them, abandoned to chance, he will one day rise to still higher conceptions: he will master the elements, conquer the dangers of the sea, and convert the earth, by cultivation, into a most delightful abode; and glory and happiness will be his, if he reject not the means which are given him to obtain them. If the days of men are few, and filled with pain and affliction, the inseparable companions of life, yet the inextinguishable spirit which animates every action, survives the destruction of the body, and will receive, in the regions above, the rewards for his sufferings and virtues, or a chastisement for his crimes. If this retributive justice existed not, it were a thousand times better that his creation had never been, since a being endowed with reason, and deprived of consolation, would be the most miserable of all the works of Agen-Kitchee-Moniton."

"You have communicated to me very wonderful things," said Webemet; "whence did you obtain this knowledge?"

"In the country I have just quitted."

"Pray where is that country; I have never heard of it; are the inhabitants obliged to hunt and fish as we do here?"

"It depends entirely on yourself to know what passes there, and when the time arrives, you will know neither pain nor trouble."—The promised Buffalo at length was caught, and on leaving the ditch, Webemet begged of Moniton not to go with the cannibal. "Come with me," and share my scanty meal." Moniton followed him, and found a blazing hearth, but no copper on, and the only appearance of refreshment was a few roasted roots under the ashes.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ANCIENT METHODS OF DECORATING THE HAIR.

"WHAT," says Madame Voiart, "can be more seducing than jet black hair, falling in undulating ringlets upon the bosom of a youthful beauty?" Accordingly, the most celebrated poets, both ancient and modern, have taken delight in singing the charms which accompany fine hair, and describe it as crowning the statue with grace, and, according to the fashion in which it is worn, imprinting a different character upon the features. When the hair flows gracefully from its roots, takes the form of finely turned ringlets, and discloses the forehead, it imparts to the countenance an air of great elegance and superiority. There is often a sweet natural parting of the hair from the top of the head to the forehead, making it to flow gracefully over the temples on each side, and presenting that beautiful line which may be said to be continued in the nose, giving the contour of the features, those traits of interest which are so much admired in the heads painted by Guido and Raphael.

Among all nations, and in every age, the hair has been considered the chief ornament of the head; and there is not a voluptuous nor luxurious scene in poetry, or romance, into which a description of the hair is not introduced. When Homer mentions the celebrated fair who set all Asia in arms, he always calls her "the beautiful-haired Helen." Circe is described with hair spreading over her shoulders, in rays resembling those of the sun; Amasia, with hair distilling the perfumes of myrrh and roses; whilst that of Venus, diffuses around the divine odours of ambrosia. Without this ornament, indeed, the goddess of beauty, though possessed of the brightest eyes and the most fascinating charms, would appear hideous and deformed.

Yet, notwithstanding all its natural beauty, though acknowledged universally, the air is no less subject to the caprice of fashion than dress itself. In ancient times, the nations who were the most polished, the most civilized, and the most skilful in the fine arts, were passionately fond of red hair. The Gauls, the ancestors of the modern French, had the same predilection, though that colour is now held in abhorrence by their descendants, who like black hair. In some districts of Africa they

prefer light hair, which in China is detested. A taste for red hair, however, still exists in extensive regions. The Turks, for example, are fond of women who have red hair. The inhabitants of Tripoli, who probably learned it from the Turks, give their hair a red colour by the aid of vermillion. The women of the kingdom of Deccan also stain their hair yellow and red, as the ancient Romans did, in imitation of German hair.

A still more preposterous fashion than that of dying the hair red, was introduced, if we mistake not, during the mania for liberty that prevailed at the period of the French revolution. We allude to the crops, which, even among ladies of wealth and taste, were extensively introduced. "What!" our descendants will exclaim when they are told this, "women of a dissolute character were formerly condemned to lose their hair as a punishment; and is it possible that this privation could, in a few years afterwards, become the prevailing fashion? Females, who, when they took the monastic vows, renounced the delights of life and the pleasures of the world, had their hair cut off; and in a few years the whole sex went cropped in honour of liberty. In all ages, cutting off the hair was a sign of grief, and yet the gayest nation in the world consents to be shorn of its locks. In every country, the women who devoted themselves to a life of austerity and penitence, began all their sacrifices with that of their hair, which indicated that they renounced the art of pleasing, and the Europeans sacrificed theirs out of coquetry. What inconsistence!" Inconsistence indeed! and yet it is indisputably true, that in many countries the loss of the hair was a punishment inflicted by public authority. The Greeks and the Chactas punished an adulteress by cutting off her hair, which was not suffered to grow again for a whole year. The loss of the hair was considered by females as the greatest of misfortunes. Thus Martial, the epigrammatist, when uttering imprecations against the woman he detests, exclaims: "May the salamander, which possesses the property of making hair fall off, leave upon thy head traces of his poison; or may the unsparing razor strip it entirely, that thy mirror may exhibit to thee an image worthy of thyself!" And, if it be permitted to pass from a heathen to a sacred author, the prophet Isaiah says: "Because the daughters of Zion have exalted themselves, and have held

their heads high as they walked, making signs with their eyes, and gestures with their hands; because they have measured all their steps, and studied all their attitudes, the Lord will make bald the daughters of Zion, and will pluck up all their hair." If the prophet could a few years ago have risen from the grave, and paid a visit to Paris or London, and have seen all the ladies of fashion with their hair cropt short, would he not have supposed it to be the accomplishment of his prediction? It is true, that most of them held their heads high as they walked, making signs with their eyes, and gestures with their hands; but they punished themselves with the greatest willingness and infatuation, and did not wait to be punished with the loss of their hair by Divine displeasure.

It is equally true also, that, not only in England and France, but among an infinite number of nations, the voluntary sacrifice of the hair was either a sign of grief, or a last farewell to the world and its pleasures. Bion the poet, speaking of the Loves weeping over the corpse of Adonis, represents them cutting off their hair. Pliny informs us that vestals cut off their hair, on their entrance upon their sacred office.

How many proofs, indeed, might we not adduce of the value which nations have, in all ages, set upon their hair. Among the Romans, those who were bald and would not wear a wig, had recourse to a method which to us appears truly extraordinary. They caused hair to be painted on their bare skull with perfumes and essences, composed expressly for that purpose. The existence of so strange a custom might, perhaps, be doubted, had we not proofs of it in the works of contemporary writers. We shall forbear to illustrate this by a display of learning, which would appear out of place upon so light a subject; but we cannot omit the following quotation from Martial, who, in an epigram on Phœbus, thus addresses him: "Your counterfeit hair is a falsehood of the perfume which imitates it; and your sense, disgracefully bald, is covered with painted locks:—you have no occasion for a barber for your head, Phœbus; you may shave yourself much better with a sponge."

The Jews of old wore their hair very long, and they thought nothing too valuable to enhance the beauty of this highly-prized ornament. Josephus informs us that the guards of king Solomon had long hair floating down their shoulders, and that

they every day powdered their hair with gold spangles, which glistened exceedingly when the sun shone upon them. Absalom, likewise, powdered himself with gold; and the second book of Samuel says, that when he polled his head, the hair weighed two hundred shekels after the king's weight. Very grave authors, we are told, have written large volumes merely for the purpose of discussing the weight of Absalom's hair; but the question is still undecided, and it is more than probable that it will never again be brought on the carpet.

The fashion of embellishing the hair with gold powder, which certainly proves the high value that was set upon it, was not confined to the Jewish nation alone. Some of the Roman emperors adopted the practice, as we are informed by Trebellius, Polio, and others, concerning the Emperor Gallienus, and by Ælius Lampridius, respecting the Emperor Commodus. Suetonius also relates, that when Nero appeared upon the stage either for the purpose of playing on the lyre, or reciting verses of his own composition, which his soldiers with drawn sabres obliged the spectators to applaud, he had his hair sprinkled with gold powder, that he might resemble Apollo. The Gauls imitated their conquerors in this, even so late as the fifteenth century. In 1475, when Charles the Bold was slain before Nancy, his conqueror, Réné, Duc de Lorraine, caused funeral honours to be paid to him. The chronicle of Lorraine says: "He was clothed in the ancient manner, wearing a long beard of gold thread frizzled; as much to mark the victory he had gained, as to imitate the fashion of the ancient soldiers."

When Rome was free and half barbarous, with virtuous though austere manners, the head-dress of the women was extremely simple; it consisted in separating the hair upon the forehead, and twisting it up behind into a knot that ornamented the crown of the head. Antique monuments prove that such was the most ordinary head-dress of the Grecian females, who knew well in what manner to unite simplicity and grace. The hair thus set off they reunited either behind, or, on the fore part of the head, by a sort of knot, which the Greeks called *corymbion*, and the Romans *nodus*. Sometimes also, after tying the hair in this way, they brought it again to the top of the head, where it was fixed by a single pin.

In the progress of civilization and luxury, the head-dress became more complicated. Sometimes the natural hair, curled

by a hot iron called *calamistrum*, was confined by a bandeau of gold or jewels, which separated the false hair and kept it smooth. Sometimes they parted the hair into many tresses, which surrounded the head, folded back upon itself, and was fixed by a long pin. These two kinds of head-dress, by a graceful mixture, formed a third, which united the knots upon the forehead and the tresses behind. Both Juvenal and Martial mention this mixed species. Married ladies affected to imitate the vestals, by wearing, like them, a veil which concealed their hair and descended upon the shoulders; the only difference was, that the matrons had their hair curled and arranged with much art on the forehead.

A passage in that curious book, the "Toilette of Sabina," by Boettiger, gives an interesting detail of the different kinds of head-dress among the Roman ladies. It describes the *nodus*, the *diadema* and the *tutulus*, or "bourrelet," as the French would call it; a kind of knot, pad, or loop, which, when prettily made with the natural hair, they considered as the perfection of art. Ladies of rank had slaves whose sole employment was to do up this hair-knot with taste and elegance.

There were, however, so many sorts of head-dresses among the Romans, that it would not be easy to enumerate, much less to particularise them. Ovid, one of the oldest masters in the art of pleasing, ingenuously confessed that he would as soon think of counting all the acorns on an oak, as enumerate all the ephemeral fashions of the day. He mentions particularly six different sorts of head-dresses;—one, which was doubtless a very singular one, took its name from the lyre, because it consisted of two horns, similar to those of that musical instrument: it was a conquest made over the Germans, Gauls, and Belgians, already enslaved; the Romans begging, from the women of these nations, the tresses and hair knots whose arrangements imitated the horns of wild animals.

At this period the taste for fair hair became a popular mania; and hair of this colour, imported from Germany and Gaul, was sold at Rome for its weight in gold, as we are told by Chrysippus the architect, in his work of the Palace of Scaurus. This method, however, was not always employed: the Roman beauties were afraid of accidents in wearing false hair; and they had not forgot the ridicule with which Horace had assailed old Sagana, for the loss of her peruke when

coming out of the bath. They had recourse, therefore, to soaps and dyes for changing their dark locks to a lighter tint.

With the Romans the toilette was an important affair. They employed in it the greatest part of the morning; while its various preparations, the number of slaves which were employed, and all the researches of luxury expended on it, consumed a great part of their enormous revenues. They used a great number of small instruments, constructed with much art and intelligence: the handles of their curling-irons were made of silver curiously worked; their combs were made of box, shell, or ivory, highly polished and carved, enriched with gold, and often with precious stones. The poet, Martial, in order to recommend himself to the ladies, made verses upon all these little articles, copies of which he gave away as presents on high festival days.

When the Romans established themselves in Gaul, they carried thither all their refinements of art and luxury, and soon rendered the province, particularly in the southern parts, a new Italy; but among the women they found a taste already decided for ornament and dress. Their historians, who all acknowledged the wisdom and the beauty of the Gaulish women, say that they had an exquisite taste in dressing their hair, which they took great care of and esteemed very highly. Their fine tresses, indeed, arranged on the top of the head, formed their chief ornament. Although their hair was naturally light, they endeavoured to render it of a more brilliant colour, by the frequent use of caustic and coloured pomades; for the fairer the hair, the more beautiful it was esteemed.

It is probable that the Gauls adopted by degrees the Roman customs, and that they tried to set off their natural graces by foreign fashions. After five centuries of slavery, Gaul escaped from the Roman yoke, and fell a prey to the barbarians of the North, who imposed upon them the more austere virtues, and gave them a name which was destined to celebrity among the nations. France arose from the united tribes that settled in Gaul, and established herself on the ruins of the empire. Among the French, the prerogatives of nobility and of royalty were established by the personal advantages bestowed by nature, and long hair became one of the chief characteristics: it was permitted to grow in infancy, its growth was promoted by fragrant oils, but iron was not suffered to touch

it; it was parted in a graceful manner on the forehead, and waved over the shoulders. The rest of the nation wore their hair short before, and that behind was ornamented with a plume of feathers, which waved over the top of the head. Among other tribes, the Sicambres twisted their hair, formed it into a large knot behind, and brought the extremities forward. It is in this manner that they are described by Agathias and Sidonius Apollinaris.

Before the establishment of the monarchy, the Gauls wore their hair very long; "and this custom," says Pliny, "gave the whole country the appellation of *Gallia comata*, or hairy Gaul?" but, on the foundation of the monarchy, the kings, desirous of having a distinctive mark of their pre-eminence, reserved the right of wearing long hair for themselves and the princes of the blood; their subjects were forbidden to wear long hair: and this custom continued till the twelfth century, when Pierre Lombard, bishop of Paris, at length prevailed on the king to repeal this prohibition.

The hair, during the early period of the monarchy, was held in such veneration, that if it was designed to degrade a prince, his head was shaved. In this manner Clovis treated Curaric, whom he had conquered. The son of the king, involved in the same disgrace, said to his father, in order to comfort him: "My hair, which has been cut off, was nothing but green branches, which will grow again, for the trunk is not dead."

At this time people swore by their hair; and this oath was as sacred as when now-a-days they swear by their honour. Traitors implicated in one and the same plot, were sentenced to cut off each other's hair. Fredegonde caused the hair of a mistress of her son-in-law to be cut off and hung up at the door of the prince's apartment: this proceeding was then considered as the height of barbarity. A very singular custom of those times likewise proves the great value that was set upon the hair: in saluting any one to whom it was intended to show the greatest respect, the highest compliment that could be paid was to pluck out a hair and present it to him. Historians relate that Clovis pulled a hair from his head, and gave it to St. Germier, to prove how highly he esteemed him; and that the courtiers, who witnessed this action of the monarch, were eager to pluck each of them a hair, and to

present it to the virtuous bishop, who withdrew enchanted with the politeness of the court.

Under the first dynasty, the French women wore their hair separated on the forehead, lightly curled on the temples, and again united in long flowing tresses. Such were the statues of the great personages of this period, which formerly decorated the portal of the church of St. German des Prés. There were seen Ultrogoth, and Clotilda the wife of Clovis: the latter was remarkable for two long tresses, that descended to her shoulders, and were decorated with rings of pearls and other ornaments: the hair of the former waved in a graceful manner over his broad shoulders. This was also the fashion adopted by the beautiful and terrible Fredegonde, and by Bertrude the wife of Clotaire II. Odelia, the daughter of a German prince, allowed to be seen, under her veil, her hair twisted in the form of a long cord. Hadwida, the wife of Gerard of Alsace, Duke of Lorraine, as represented on her tomb, has her hair parted into two long tresses descending upon her bosom; a kind of small bonnet in form of the head, the only ornament being a tress of hair which surrounds it.

Among the queens and princesses whose images are preserved by antique sculpture, all those that are celebrated for their piety are represented with their forehead covered by a veil, without any appearance of hair. The wives of Charlemagne, without entirely concealing the hair, set off their tresses, and allowed only a few thin curls to appear around the face. Richilda, the wife of Charles the Bald, raised her hair up in a bunch, and concealed its extremities under a kind of *toque*. Richarda, the wife of Charles le Gros, plaited and twisted the lower half of her hair, and raised them again on each side of her cheeks,—a fashion which was prevalent in the ninth and tenth centuries. The eleventh century was remarkable for the entire disappearance of the hair on the forehead, and the invention of *bourrelets*, which in later times degenerated into *hennins*, or horns.

Oftener then once, the church interposed its authority to prohibit or enjoin in France particular modes of dressing the hair; and sometimes long, and at other times short hair, excited the wrath of the ecclesiastical authorities, The unhappy result is well known of the ill-judged piety of Louis VII., who, thinking his conscience interested in setting the example of

submission to the reiterated ordinances of the bishops, had his hair cut short.

At the end of the twelfth, and during the thirteenth century, fashion made a retrograde movement. Blanche of Castille resumed the head-dress of Clotilda, her hair waving about her temples, and her veil over her crown. Jeanne, the Countess of Toulouse, made some happy innovations: her hair, parted on the forehead, displayed her ears, and fell *en tresse* over her shoulders: and she wore a *chapel*, from which fell a very thin gauze. Her head-dress was very graceful; but the novelty did not last long, for the veil and the stomacher soon after concealed the hair, the head, and the graces of female beauty.

WONDERS OF A PEN.

"Every feather is a mechanical wonder. If we look at the quill, we find properties not easily brought together,—strength and lightness. I know few things more remarkable than the strength and lightness of the very pen with which I am writing. If we cast our eye to the upper part of the stem, we see a material, made for the purpose, used in no other class of animals, and in no other part of birds; tough, light, pliant, elastic. The pith, also which feeds the feathers, is, amongst animal substances, neither bone, flesh, membrane, nor tendon.

"But the artificial part of a feather is the beard, or, as it is, I believe, sometimes called, the vane. The separate pieces of laminæ, of which the beard is composed, are called threads, sometimes filaments or rays. Now the first thing an attentive observer will remark is, how much stronger the beard of the feather shows itself to be, when pressed in a direction perpendicular to its plane, than when rubbed, either up or down, in the line of the stem; and he will soon discover the structure which occasions this difference, viz. that the laminæ whereof these beards are composed, are flat, and placed with their flat sides towards each other; by which means, whilst they easily bend for the approaching of each other, as any one may perceive by drawing his finger ever so lightly upwards, they are much harder to bend out of their plane, which is

the direction in which they have to encounter the impulse and pressure of the air, and in which their strength is wanted, and put to the trial.

"This is one particularity in the structure of a feather; a second is still more extraordinary. Whoever examines a feather, cannot help taking notice, that the threads or laminæ of which we have been speaking, in their natural state *unite;* that they are not parted asunder without some degree of force; that nevertheless there is no glutinous cohesion between them; that, therefore, by some mechanical means or other, they catch or clasp among themselves, thereby giving to the beard or vane its closeness and compactness of texture. Nor is this all; when two laminæ, which have been separated by accidence or force, are brought together again, they immediately reclasp: the connexion, whatever it was, is perfectly recovered, and the beard of the feather becomes as smooth and firm as if nothing had happened to it. Draw your finger down the feather, which is against the grain, and you break, probably, the junction of some of the contiguous threads; draw your finger up the feather, and you restore all things to their former state. This is no common contrivance; and now for the mechanism by which it is effected.

"The threads or laminæ above-mentioned are interlaced with one another; and the interlacing is performed by means of a vast number of fibres or teeth, which the laminæ shoot forth on each side, and which hook and grapple together. A friend of mine counted fifty of these fibres in one twentieth of an inch. These fibres are crooked: but curved after a different manner; for those, which proceed from the thread, on the side towards the extremity of the feather, are longer, more flexible, and bent downward; whereas those which proceed from the side towards the beginning, or quill end of the feather, are shorter, firmer, and turn upwards. The process then which takes place, is as follows; when two laminæ are pressed together, so that these long fibres are forced far enough over the short ones, their crooked parts fall into the cavity made by the crooked parts of the others; just as the latch that is fastened to a door, enters into the cavity of the catch fixed to the door-post, and there hooking itself fastens the door; for it is properly in this manner, that one thread of a feather is fastened to the other."

NORRY ORMOND;

An Irish Tale.

(*Continued from page* 140.)

"Why, Norry," said Father John, "you ought certainly to love your own people better than strangers; but I do not like to hear you call English people foreigners; and did you but know half the kindness they have manifested towards our poor starving population, all this last winter, you would never, I am sure, forget it. They sent us money, provisions, and clothing; but they have done even more than all this for us; they have set all our own country folks to work, and have taught us to be industrious. Were I to stay here till this day month, I could not tell you half the good they have done in this place. Did you ever hear of Jerry, the lame boy, who went round the county begging, and was such a miserable ragged figure? What do you think is become of him now? why, I'll tell you—He is well clothed and well fed, and taken good care of, and is to be seen every day at the school, learning to read; and how do you imagine all this came to pass?—Why, Norry, the very first day Miss O'Connor came to her brother, she saw him begging at the door, and she went out to him, and brought him into the kitchen; and then she afterwards taught him to net, and she bought his nets of him, until he was quite master of his trade; and now he can earn enough to keep himself, and is not beholden to any one for bit or sup.—What do you think of the English now?" "O yea, O yea, your reverence; what a pity them English did not think of us before, and then we should never have got into the great trouble, and have been so many of us *kilt* with hunger, day after day." "Why, Norry, I wish, with all my heart, it had been so; for then we should all of us have done better: but let us be thankful; it came in God's own time, and that is the best time, you know. And Norry, you, and yours will do well if you will do as Miss O'Connor recommends, and follow her advice, for she is a right good Christian." "That's what I can never think," said the old man, who was all this time sitting over the fire; "Sure she does not say the mass; and them Protestant people

is always trying to be after *convarting* us: and so your reverence is cajoled out of your own right religion by these heretics." "No, no, my good fellow, I am not. I am a right, good Catholic all the while; and see the errors of those who reject our doctrine, and pray for them; but I am not so bigotted as to shut my eyes to their good qualities; and I live in friendship with many of them, and why not? We all believe in the same God, and look to the same Saviour, and shall all meet in the same heaven." "Never, never; by the holy mass, never," said the old man; "they will all be burned up; so Father Luke said, forty good years ago.—Says he, 'Now Pat, mind this—they all goes straight into hell, and that's what will befal them heretics.'" "And do you think, Pat, that after all the good ladies have done for us, they will be burned up?" said Norry. "Now, Pat, is it *natheral*, to think, that after filling our bellies, and covering our nakedness, and comforting us so, they can be wicked and belong to the devil?—No, Pat, I'll never believe it: if you was to swear to it upon the holy book, I would not believe it.—No Pat, she has'nt the looks of one of them *craturs*.—And she smiles so like an angel upon us.—O! 'tis I, that will never forget how she looked upon us when she came into the t'other cabin in the bog; and then she looked at one and then at t'other, and then the tears came in her eyes! and she sighed so mighty heavy, as if her heart would break."—"Well, Norry, I am glad to hear you speak so; remember, Norry, and never shew ingratitude for all the kindness you have received.—And, notwithstanding we do not quite agree, come and shake hands, Pat, you are a right steady Catholic; but remember, also, that other people love their faith as strongly and hold it as firmly as you do yours; and they are not to be despised for that," said Father John.

Day after day now passed, and Norry's health slowly improved. She was, principally, engaged at her wheel spinning flax, and Molly was very industrious at her yarn. Every one around them seemed happy; while plenty of employment brought along with it many comforts long unknown to this poor family. The children, who were now well fed and comfortably lodged, began to lose that squalid appearance which designated the inhabitants of the miserable dwelling in the bog; and the old father and mother, who had nearly sunk under the

infirmities of age, and the privations of extreme poverty, now began to smile with satisfaction as they sat at each side of the small, but cheerful fire, and felt its influence throughout their languid frames. The pig was now in their possession, and a present of seed potatoes from Mr. O'Connor, which he had engaged to give them in due season, seemed to supply the full measure of their temporal wants.

It was now the end of July, and Daniel stepped into them to say he was going to meet the real master at Cork, where he had arrived by the packet from Bristol.—He added, they must prepare their best things, and their best looks, to appear with all the village, to welcome his honour; that there was to be great doings, the ladies from the Castle were to dine with Miss O'Connor, and that the school was to be ranged upon the lawn, and the village band to play, and a bonfire to be lighted on the hill. He added, also, that Father John and Mr. O'Connor, with all the county round about, were to meet him on the road, and that the greatest rejoicing was to be made to welcome his arrival. Norry sighed, and said to herself, "And I would also rejoice, if I could but see Darby return! but there's no such luck for me." The morrow soon came; every one was full of bustle, and every one talking of Mr. Bennet's arrival. Wearied with the preparations, each villager sunk to rest with the anxious expectation of the holiday that was to be theirs, when they should rise to greet the morning's dawn. The musicians were at a loss with what tune would be most appropriate to commence.—Some said, "The wind that shakes the barley," was the best; some wanted "The sprig of Shillela."—Some cried out for "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning;" whilst "Charley come over the Water," was the favourite with many. In short, even this weighty point was, at last, left unsettled, until Miss O'Connor should decide: and a deputation was sent to ascertain her opinion. This being a matter quite out of her power to decide, as she was a stranger to their national airs, she resigned it to Father John's judgment, who, with great prudence, assured them, that he thought the most appropriate tune they could fix on, was, "Haste to the Wedding." That there would be the two unmarried divines, and a choice of handsome and good young ladies; and that, for his part, he should be greatly disappointed if there would not be another

holiday among them shortly, as he never knew a merry-making that did not produce a wedding. He added, that Mr. Bennet was an Irishman, and that a true Irishman was always ready to fall in love, upon a proper occasion; and that for his part he never saw any one so suited to his taste, if he was a young man, and a marrying man, as Miss O'Connor; and that he had often wished the family at the Castle would come to Lehane, and see what a clever young man her brother was; for that Miss Callaghan was the most condescending young lady in Ireland, and as beautiful as the sun; and altogether one of the best young ladies in the county, Miss O'Connor excepted. In short, they were two pattern ladies, such as any two men in the land might be proud to look upon." After all this encomium of Father John, nothing could be thought more proper than "Haste to the Wedding;" which might be followed up with "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning." It was moreover determined that "Erin go Brah," was to finish all; as their honours, not being used to the bagpipes, might not like too much music, especially as they must have time to talk with the ladies; to look at the children, and to speak to the tenantry. Above all, 'they must all of them go home early, and shut up their houses, and not disturb the gentlemen by shouting in the village after night-fall." With this admonition the good priest withdrew, leaving them to practise these airs and to think upon what he had said to them. The coach-full of the Miss Callaghans and their mother arrived early. Every one looked happy. Expectation sat on every face, and pleasure beamed from every eye. "I will go, just to see the childers," said Norry; and she put on her cloak, and taking the baby in her arms, walked slowly up the hill.—She had scarcely reached the gardener's house when she heard the tread of horses and the noise of a large company upon the road, the sound, of "Welcome your Honour!" rending the air. Norry's feelings quite overpowered her; she went in, and seeing nobody in the cabin, sat down upon a stool, and gave way to the agony of her mind.—She looked upon her baby, who unconsciously smiled in her face, and, unable to contain herself any longer, she wept aloud!

To be concluded in our next.

THE CRUSADER.

Walcheon had braved the terrors of the mighty ocean, had seen it in all its awful grandeur, when wave, rolling after wave, ascends mountains high; he had suffered shipwreck, struggled through poverty, and had felt all the gnawing effects of famine. But the mind of Walcheon was not subdued; danger had only wrought for him a more enduring patience; the iron hand of poverty had diminished his wants; abstinence had taught him thankfulness. In the cultivation of his little farm, and in the society of one surviving parent, Walcheon now enjoyed that pleasure which arises from the contemplation of former perils, with the conscious satisfaction of having adhered to the duty he owed both to his king and to his country. But not long was he permitted to dwell in the calm which peace with the Continent afforded. Richard's friendship with Philip wore but the complexion of the times; no sooner was peace established between them than the cords of amity were strengthened by a proposed crusade to the Holy Land; when each sovereign endeavoured to vie with the other in the number of his forces and the splendour of his arms. Those very soldiers who, but a few months before, had seemed to breathe nothing but vengeance towards each other, now prepared for the same expedition: every turbulent passion sleeping in their bosoms, except when aroused, as the turbaned head of the Turk, or the sable features of the Asiatic, occurred to their remembrance: all were filled with a holy zeal. Piety was deep in the breast of Walcheon when again he clasped on his armour. For a moment he bent him on the neck of his father; the grey locks of age mingled with the brown tendrils of youth, and the warm tear of filial affection strayed upon his cheek. "Father!" he exclaimed, "this sword of thine shall drink deep of the blood of the Infidels, ere it again be sheathed; fear not that my hand should dishonour it. I swear, by yon red luminary, these eyes shall never again behold the land of my birth, nor the sire of my days, if disgrace set aught upon me."—"O my son," replied the old man, "may these aged arms once more embrace thee, that in dying I may bequeath thee my blessing! My prayers attend thee!

well I know the sturdy heart of a son of Britain will not cloud the name of his forefathers: farewell, my son: so long as thy breast is shielded by the courage which marks the Cœur de Lion, and thy brows are adorned by the glorious impress of faith, the God of thy fathers will protect thee: farewell, my son, farewell." The heart of Walcheon, swelled as it was with the thought of triumphing over the Saracens, softened into tender feeling while bidding adieu to the old man; "I will give him no cause for upbraidings," said he, dashing away a tear, as he hastened to join his companions in arms.

It were needless to tell of the cares and anxieties, of sufferings under drought and fatigue, of the restless impetuosity of Richard, warring against nature herself, in his glorious ambition of rescuing the Christians from their infidel enemies. It were needless to tell of the splendour and pomp of Kings, of Knights Templars, of the vast armament enrolled for the sake of Christianity; all was conducted with the order requisite for such a great and wonderful undertaking, and with a speed worthy of so noble an enterprise. Therefore, leaving Richard and his followers at Byzantium, we follow Walcheon across the Bosphorus, charged with an important message from his master to the renegade, Duke Isaac of Salamis; we see his ship touch at that far-famed island; he lands, pursues his way with rapidity over a beautiful valley, regardlessly pressing beneath his feet the lovely hyacinth, the narcissus, and the ranunculus. The mountain of God appears in view; his speed increases, he reaches it; a guide conducts him over Olympus, and directs him to the road leading to the castle of Manfredi. The life of Walcheon had hitherto been chequered, nor did he buoy up his hopes with the idea of its being more smooth, even in that Paradise of islands. Manfredi he knew to be of a dark and determined character; his fortunes had long been connected with the house of Comenii; and now, as one of that ancient family, he seized upon the exclusive privilege of governing, alone, that people over whom he had before exercised authority only under the title of Duke, as granted by Manuel Comenus; hence the allegiance of his redoubtable follower was consequently transferred from the Emperor to himself. The message of Walcheon was therefore attended with hazard to his own person; yet the breast of the hardy soldier refused to admit a thought unworthy of that of his

lion-hearted master. The turrets of the towery castle now appear in view; and ere many hours have told their warnings he will stand before great Byzantium's enemy, before the enemy of every Christian country which holds usurpation in abhorrence.

How would the haughty spirit of Manfredi brook to be told, that he must henceforth forsake the Comenii, that he must give up his newly acquired fortunes which Duke Isaac his master, self-created king, had no legal power of bestowing? How would he brook to be told, that he must deliver the island into the hands of Richard, or dread the power of that warlike prince? Yet such was Walcheon's message. While these painful thoughts occurred to him, and somewhat slackened the speed which he had hitherto observed, the mists of obscurity were gathering around, and impeded his progress; wrapping his rough cloak about him, he whistled a tune to his own native cliffs until aroused to a sense of his solitary situation, by the report of fire-arms! he paused a moment; the sound died away, giving place to more fearful ones—the groans of a sufferer; he would have advanced, but hearing voices, he cautiously kept aloof. Meanwhile night appeared partaking of the gloom that hung around, enveloping herself in her deepest sables, and, as if delighting in decided contrast from the day, which had sweetly beamed with the most lovely rays the glorious sun could afford; she called up the winds from their hollow caves, which whistling and sighing through every tree and bush, seemed to echo back the distresses of fellow-mortals, and for a time reverberated in soothing response the groans of the unhappy sufferer, who, stretched upon the ground, dyed the flowers and the grass with the red gore of his body: the voices approach, and presently the bleeding man is raised from his lowly posture and borne away. The veteran followed, warily, as they took the path he was directed to pursue, and which he could well discern, from frequent and vivid lightning, alternately flashing from the thick and heavy clouds, which rolling one after another in quick succession, seemed as if bending Heaven to embosom itself on earth. Glad was he when distant sounds of music assailed his ear. "It is the Castle of Manfredi!" he mentally exclaimed, "its halls are ever open to festivity and pleasure." He was right. Emerging from an immense avenue of trees, Manfredi's castle burst upon

his view in all the splendour of luminated decoration; whilst looking on that great edifice, emblazoned in light, he perceived not that the men with their half-lifeless burden had turned into a narrow winding path, which, although more circuitous, effectually screened them from observation and brought them to a small portal, through which they passed into the interior of the castle. Walcheon pursued that before him, and presently stood before the grand entrance. A messenger of Richard of England, demanding audience of the minister of Duke Isaac, was not likely to be kept long in suspense; numerous attendants, attired in their gala turbans and slippers, crowded to the gate, to usher him into the presence of their master. Walcheon had been much abroad; he had visited courts and palaces, yet had formed no idea of the magnificence of eastern splendour, nor of the luxurious and voluptuous pleasures in which a nation may be immersed. The Samnites, of all others, were given up to pleasure and amusements of every sort; naturally so addicted, a marriage in the family of such a man as Manfredi could not be celebrated without great magnificence: the castle was so crouded with visitors, that room could scarcely be afforded for the number of slaves who attended upon the occasion, the magnificence displayed was such as had never before been witnessed; yet this was but the commencement of a festivity, the full celebration of which, was not to take place not till three days after, when the King would give the fair hand of the beautiful but unhappy Zelia, to the noble and wealthy Mohrad Mevlanah.

(To be concluded in our next.

THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS.

THE celebrated Italian painter, Michael Angelo Da Caravaggio, was at first, no other than a day-labourer; but having seen some painters at work upon a brick wall which he had helped to raise, he was so charmed with their art, that he immediately applied himself to the study of it, and in a few years made such considerable progress, that in Venice, Rome, and other parts of Italy, he was cried up and admired as the author of a new style in painting, and his pieces are now to be met with in most of the cabinets of Europe.

SCENES IN THE EAST.

(Continued from page 132.)

Hail, holy rest, of piety and peace!
To seek thy shadow, glorious mount of God,
A pilgrim comes, weeping his hidden sin
Where Noah, second father of mankind,
Spread the first altar in a world baptised!

MONASTERY AT THE FOOT OF ARARAT.

"STRANGER! thou art Christian by that garb.—Enter here, thy home in the wilderness, prepared for every wandering son of our holy church." So said the benevolent voice that hailed me from the opening wicket, in the great gate of the monastery of Eitchmaiadzen. And from the moment of my entering the walls, I found myself indeed amongst brethren. The patriarch, a venerable man of seventy years of age, of a serene and happy countenance, (such as I have seen, and often admired in the portaits of the amiable Fenelon,) met me in my passage to the refectory, and gave me his welcome. He spread his hands over my bowing head, and blessed me. I am a protestant; yet I here found myself on what I could not but feel, was sacred ground. The holiest recollections, consecrated the earth itself, on which I trod; the building, under whose roof I moved, had been erected for the purposes of devotion, and charitable shelter; and I then stood, an example of that ready obedience to the vows, which made the pleasures of benevolence a duty; and dedicated the lives of these sequestered men, wholly to the service of their fellow-creatures. This indeed was true religion, of whatever creed it called itself; and as such, I bent my head, and heart, before its sacred shrine.

A light supper, and refreshing sleep, to which I was conducted by a young and intelligent lay-brother of the order, restored me in the morning to the full enjoyment of the scene around me.—My breakfast was soon dispatched, and after divine service, this favourite disciple of the venerable patriarch, by his command, conducted me over the structure

and its gardens.—During our walk through the cloisters, he communicated to me the little history of the place.—

Eitch-maiadzen, which means Church of the Presence, was founded so early after the Christian dispensation, as A. D. 304. The builder was Saint Gregory, (he who excavated the seven sanctuaries, in the mountains I before described;) and, it is written in the archives of the monastery, he established it on the very spot where he had a vision of the divine presence. The mission of the holy man, in consequence, spread the religion of purity over all Armenia; he built numerous churches, and soon became the tutelar patriarch of the whole country. For ages afterwards, a fine city existed round this metropolitan spot; but now it is gone; the monastery, and its attendant churches, alone remaining, like the ark, when it rested on the neighbouring mountain, the sole memorial of a desolated world. Vestiges, however, of this ancient capital, may yet be traced at a considerable distance from the convent, and particularly towards the north-east; but round its immediate walls, only a few humble huts are discoverable, the residence of a little remnant of the city's former inhabitants, now reduced to the labour of their hands. But they live securely under the protection of the brotherhood, and contented with the produce of their industry and fields. Their children are educated in a school established by the patriarch; and the young lay-brother, who related this sketch, is the chief master. On entering with him into the body of the cathedral, I found the ruggedness of its architecture bearing sufficient evidence of the antiquity of its erection. It might be called a species of rude Gothic. A three-arched gateway, surmounted by a heavy and point-crested tower, leads to the main door. Much labour, in the shape of fret-work, and carving, has been exerted at a later period than the building of the porch itself.—On passing through it, and entering the church, I was struck with the extraordinary gloom of the whole. I remarked it to my intelligent companion.—"Do we not here remember our transgressions?" answered he, "and ought we to have the place of our penitence, a gala scene?—when our spirit lies in sackcloth and ashes, would it not be mockery, to spread carpets of luxury under the body, and light up our weeping eyes, through garish and gilded

windows?" "Not gloom." I replied, "is what I seek in a church, but solemnity. The first, inclines me to feel, I am in the prison of my judge, awaiting sentence of death on my crimes; the latter is the shadowed portal of my father's house, where, like the repentant prodigal, I bewail my offence, and in his mercy anticipate my pardon." "You are right in the principle of what you say," answered the brother; "but what you consider dungeon-gloom, in these dark monastic walls, narrow and time-encrusted windows—to me, seems sacred solemnity alone. I look, through them, to the splendid summit of Ararat; I look beyond it to the bright sun, like the gate of heaven; and I feel myself at the door of my father's house! Yes, Protestant traveller; we are both Christians; we each take a different course to the divine mount, of which yon is an earthly image; and we both shall meet within its portals at last!" His countenance shone brightly as he spoke; the brightness of that universal benevolence, that individual overflowing of a beneficent heart, which proclaims men to be brethren, pledges their immortal nature, and promises the eternal, happy existence of a world beyond the grave.

But a little more conversation told me that his upward gaze sought another, and more peculiar vision, to bless his eyes in those regions of paradise; and the prospect gemmed his large fine eyes with the tear of anticipated happiness, even while he recounted to me his own appalling story.

Some years ago, in travelling over the Caucasus, he chanced to save the life of a stranger, whose horse had taken fright, and was hurrying its rider towards a fearful yawning gulf. The young man, seeing this extremity, found no other resource, than instantly to point his pistol at the breast of the animal, and shoot him dead. The rider soon extricated himself from the ground on which he and his wounded beast had sunk together.—He was well aware, the loss of the animal had been the only way of saving himself, and he turned to the approaching steps of his preserver, and duly thanked him.—The lay-brother, was the son of an Armenian merchant; he was then journeying towards the Russian frontier, to meet a young lady of his own nation and faith, who had long been his betrothed; and who was returning to their country, when his nuptials with his beloved Taneuse would be solemnized.—The

nuptials with his beloved Taneuse would be solemnized.—The young Basil, (for that was the name of the narrator, (having assisted the person he had rescued to rise, immediately learnt that he had preserved the life of one of the most renowned Russian generals, who held a station amongst those mountains; and he gladly accompanied so celebrated a person, to pass a few hours in his society, at his rock-surrounded fort. That fort was the watch-tower of the whole extent of this mountainous world; and with pleasure I listened to Basil's animated account of the general's power; and how he had acquired it, over the inhabitants of so untamed a region.—

It appears that to this brave veteran, his observation, promptitude, and effective measures, the empire of Russia is chiefly indebted for possessing in any degree of quiet this great pass between Europe and Asia. He understands the whole country well; its remote recesses, its fastnesses, and the characters of its savage tribes; and over many of these, he possesses a most extraordinary influence. But these advantages, beyond other commanding officers along the Asiatic frontier, he very dearly purchased. On his first arrival on this line of duty, while making a tour of observation, led by a treacherous guide, he fell into an ambuscade of one of the fiercest of the mountain tribes, and was taken prisoner. The wretch, who betrayed him, and his slender escort, merely two young soldiers, were killed in the skirmish; but the general was preserved alive by his captors, under the hope of a great ransom, or instigated by the pride of holding in their bonds, the man, who they knew came into their country to lay bonds, whenever opportunities should offer, on them, and the rest of their mountain brethren.—They therefore carried him high into their rocky fastnesses, and in the triumph of their exploit, treated him with every severity their savage customs could devise; yet such was the inconsistency of these barbarians, and indeed nature's unconscious homage to the superiority of knowledge, while loading him with all those personal indignities, they frequently applied to his wisdom, to decide matters of controversy amongst themselves, and give his warrior advice in moments of extremity between them and neighbouring hostile tribes. These latter circumstances made him so valuable to the horde, they rejected all his overtures for sending to his

country to obtain a ransom; they would not even allow him any means of communication with the Russians on the frontiers; but began to use him with the deference of a native chief amongst them. This distinction, and the prolonged length of his captivity, enabled him to acquire their language; and also the idioms of other tribes, with which this was either amicably, or hostilely connected. He became intimately acquainted with their manners, customs, traditions, and views in their predatory life. After having worn away twelve long months in this state, he at last contrived means to let his government know that he yet existed, and that he thought it possible, notwithstanding the determination to the contrary in the assembly of his captors, that a very large temptation might obtain his freedom. Consequently, a deputation arrived to this effect, at one of the most known, occasional haunts of the hunters belonging to the tribe; and an offered ransom of ten thousand roubles, accomplished the wishes of the general and his sovereign. The brave Russian being set at liberty, returned to his duty on the frontier: and there, by what he had learnt, and the influence he had gained over the chiefs of many hordes, during his captivity, and negociations amongst each other, he now turned all these to the advantage of his own empire, and the protection of future travellers.—This latter, however, was the most difficult of all his achievements, for the habits of these mountaineers, from generation to generation, were such, that they deemed plunder their right, and the greatest robber, the greatest hero. Unwearied in their watch for prey, like lightning, they descend on the wayfaring traveller, strike, and are lost again, with their spoil, into the clouds of the mountains. They bring out their sons at a very early age, to take part in these expeditions, and the more desperate and sanguinary they shew themselves, the higher they stand in the estimation of the tribe. Poor Basil, was, alas! too lasting a victim of this merciless ambition, not to be curbed even in the breasts of the wild people amongst whom the Russian general had sown some seeds of a more civilized style of warfare. He had quitted that officer, and pursued his journey.

(To be continued.)

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HISTORY, ANTIQUITIES, &c.

THE HISTORY OF THE EXPEDITION TO RUSSIA. By Count P. L. de Segur. The first two volumes of this work provoked the animadversions of General Gourgand, and it is probable that the third volume, which has just been published, will prove still more offensive to the General and other partizans of the late ruler of France. In spite of some inaccuracies, the "History" of the Count de Segur may be considered as an important contribution towards the annals of France under the government of Napoleon, as it is obviously the work of a near, and intelligent observer of the scenes and events which preceded the downfal of that military despot. Some curious details are contained in this volume, tending to corroborate the opinion previously advanced by the Count, that the disastrous result of the Russian campaign was partly attributable to the ill health of Buonaparte, which incapacitated him from acting with that vigour and prudence which usually characterized his conduct.

THE HISTORY OF THE ABBEY, PALACE, AND CHAPEL, OF HOLYROOD HOUSE; including a Description of the Buildings as they now exist; with an account of the Sanctuary for Insolvent Debtors: with Engravings.—Edinburgh, 1825. 8vo.—Holyrood House, the residence of the kings of Scotland, before the Union, has been suffered to fall into a state of decay not very creditable to the public spirit of the inhabitants of Edinburgh. It is venerable even in ruins, and has furnished a subject for a French artist, whose skill in his peculiar mode of delineating picturesque objects has enabled him to produce an admirable representation of the fallen majesty of Holyrood. We allude to the view of the Chapel at the Diorama, the visitors of which, who may wish for a particular account of this ancient structure, will be gratified by a perusal of this volume, which is also intended as a guide to those who have an opportunity of seeing the building itself.

STATISTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS of the Territorial Extent and Population, Commerce, Taxation, Consumption, Insolvency, Pauperism, and Crime of the British Empire. 1825. 8vo.—Utility is the characteristic of this little volume, which comprises in a small space a vast deal of information, collected with apparent accuracy from a multitude of voluminous authorities. It is intended to be continued annually.

THE UNIQUE. 1825. 2 vols. 24mo. and 8vo. This periodical work is now completed; and we notice it as presenting a series of well executed memoirs and portraits of eminent persons, which render it interesting and instructive, more especially to young people.

TRAVELS, &c.

USEFUL HINTS TO TRAVELLERS going to South America; to Military men or Merchants bound to the West Indies, India, and other Tropical Climates.—Churchill, London.—This little volume, of a light size, and a light price, seems of the most important consequence; and its real value, answers to its pretensions. It contains information with regard to the preservation of health in those countries, of the most essential use to the intended visitant; also giving directions respecting the proper clothing to be taken out, and the conveniences necessary.

A PICTURESQUE AND DESCRIPTIVE TOUR in the Mountains of the High Pyrenees; comprising Twenty-four Views of the most interesting Scenes, from the Original Drawings taken on the Spot, &c. By J. Hardy, Esq. 1825. 8vo.—The principal value of this publication arises from the engravings, which are well adapted to display the splendid scenery of the south of France. The literary accompaniment of the views is, however, far from being destitute of interest; and the work altogether is highly creditable to Mr. Hardy, both as an author and an artist.

NOVELS.

THOMAS FITZGERALD, a Romance of the 16th Century. 3 vols. 8vo. Newman and Co.—This Romance is founded on the celebrated Geraldine Rebellion, which was headed by Thomas Fitzgerald, Lord Deputy of Ireland, in the reign of Henry VIII.—The author seems thoroughly conversant with the manners and customs of that period: the dialogues possess a striking peculiarity, being in the quaint, but best style of the age in which the story runs, and forming a most interesting contrast with the diction of the narrative and descriptive parts. It is the first of a series of Historical Romances, describing the state of Ireland at different periods of her history.

REALITIES, NOT A NOVEL, by the author of Carrution, &c 4 vols. 12mo. Newman and Co. The above work is a most unexceptionable, interesting, and affecting tale, related in a good style, and calculated at once to excite the most tender feelings, and, by the example of the principal personage, to animate the fortitude of those who may be placed in situations of similar difficulty and trial.

THE PICTURES: THE BETROTHING. Novels. Translated from the German of Lewis Tieck. 1825. 12mo. The author of these tales has obtained high reputation in his own country; and though his works seem better calculated to please the taste of novel-readers in Germany than in England, yet they display sufficient talent to justify his admirers. The translator, in his preface, has given an account of the recent revolutions and present state of German literature, which serves as a proper introduction to the stories which follow. The first of them

is an amusing satire on the conflicting opinions prevailing in Germany, relative to the comparative merit of the early and modern schools of painting. The second novel is designed to expose those perversions and exaggerations of religious sentiment, which produce a barbarous hostility to the fine arts. The subjects are well treated; and both tales present a lively picture of German feeling and prejudice.

POETRY.

SOLITARY MUSINGS, By Ann Webster. 1825. 12mo. We mention this work as a literary curiosity, by no means, however, unique in its kind. It is the production of a lady who has from her childhood laboured under total blindness, a calamity not incompatible with a cultivated imagination, of which, in the present case, there is sufficient evidence. This volume consists of poems, chiefly moral and religious; and considering the circumstances under which they were produced, they are creditable to the talents of the authoress.

SONNETS AND OTHER POEMS. By D. J. Richardson. 12mo. Sonnets constructed rigidly on the Italian model are not adapted to the genius of the English language, which is destitute of that superabundance of rhyming terminations, and capability for grammatical inversions, on which much of the beauties of sonnets depend, as exhibited in the works of Petrarch and his countrymen. Hence the productions of our sonnetteers have in general an air of stiffness and formality extremely unpleasing. Those of Mr. Richardson partake of this common defect; though they are in other respects deserving of high commendation, the sentiments being just and natural, and the language free from affectation. Some of the poems possess considerable merit.

EDUCATION.

PUBLIC EDUCATION. Plans for the Government and liberal instruction of Boys in large numbers, as practised at Hazlewood-school. 1825. 8vo.—The seminary to which this work refers is situated near Birmingham. It is impossible, within our limits, to state the circumstances in which Hazlewood-school differs from others, and we must therefore refer those who are particularly interested in the subject to the volume before us; merely remarking, that there is so much novelty and ingenuity in the plans described, as to make them well worthy of attention.

A HAND-BOOK, or Short, Convenient, and Intelligible Dictionary of Terms, used in the Arts and Sciences, tracing their Derivation and explaining their Meaning in the fewest Words possible. By Walter Hamilton, M. R. I. A, F. 8vo.—The utility of a work like the present is sufficiently obvious: and as it is very respectably executed, it can hardly fail of being well received by the public.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ART OF PRESERVING THE HAIR.—In a preceding part of this number we have shewn how great an object the ornamental care of the hair was among the ancients. The present volume shews that it is not less a matter of concern to the present generation; indeed few things are more immediately connected with the personal appearance of our fair friends than a good Head of Hair. We therefore heartily recommend this volume to their notice; in which will be found a variety of important directions for the preservation and tasteful arrangement of the Hair.

BABYLON THE GREAT, a Dissection and Dissertation of Men and Things in the British Capital. By the Author of "Modern Athens." 2 vols. 8vo.—The former work of this writer, which related to the metropolis of Scotland, escaped our notice at the time of its publication. Both these productions manifest the spirit and ability of the author, as well as his extensive acquaintance with metropolitan life and manners.

COOKERY AND CONFECTIONARY. By John Conrade Cooke. 12mo.

THE COMPLETE SERVANT; being an Exposition of the Duties and daily Business of every description of Male and Female Servants, with the Laws relative to Masters and Servants, &c. &c.. By Samuel and Sarah Adams, Fifty years Servants in various Families. 12mo.

Intelligence relative to Literature and the Arts.

R. B. Sheridan.—The long-promised life of this celebrated statesman, by Mr. Thomas More, the poet, with some valuable contributions by Mr. Sheridan, Jun. is about to be published.

Mr. John Galt is reported to be engaged in writing some new novels.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, it is said, is gone to Paris, for the purpose of painting a portrait of the King of France.

Incledon, the celebrated singer, is preparing for publication a volume of memoirs. The work will include a number of his favourite songs, set by Dibdin, Shield, and other eminent composers.

Mr. Charles Lucien Buonaparte has published at Philadelphia, the first volume of a supplement to Wilson's American Ornithology."

Theodore Hook. According to report, this gentleman is engaged in writing a third series of "Sayings and Doings."

The Burmese Imperial State Carriage, which was captured at an early period of the present sanguinary Indian war, has just reached this country, and is now preparing for public exhibition.

The managers of the new London University have purchased seven acres of land near Gower-street, on which to erect their College.

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS,
FOR SEPTEMBER, 1825.

The King, who continues his residence at the Royal Lodge, Windsor, is in an excellent state of health, enjoying the society of his select friends, and frequently amusing himself with fishing at Virginia-water, or shooting in the Great-park, Windsor. On the 11th inst. he attended divine service, which was performed by the Rev. Dr. Charles Sumner, in the chapel, at the Royal-lodge. It is reported that he intends to gratify the inhabitants of Brighton, by visiting the Pavilion, towards the close of the present season. The Duke and Duchess of Clarence, who have been making a tour on the Continent, are shortly expected at Aix-la-Chapelle, whence their Royal Highnesses will proceed to Brussels, on their way to England. The yacht destined to convey them to this country, sailed from Deptford very lately.—The Earl of Donoughmore, a Peer of Great Britain, and one of the original representative Peers for Ireland, died at the end of last month, at the house of his brother, Lord Hutchinson, in Bulstrode-street, Manchester-square. This distinguished nobleman is, it is said, likely to be succeeded in Parliament by Lord Farnham. It is reported that the Duke of Buckingham is going to India, as Governor-General, in the room of Lord Amherst. There is also a rumour in circulation, that the Earl of Clanricarde, son-in-law of Mr. Canning, is about to take a distinguished official situation.

Foreign Transactions. The approaching removal of the French troops from Spain, has given rise to new commotions in that devoted country. Various parties exist, alike hostile to the present government; and in spite of all the labour and blood expended to preserve Ferdinand on his throne, his power seems to be in a tottering condition. Measures of severity only, however, are still adopted for the support of his authority. A kind of royalist insurrection broke out under Bessieres, who was taken, with seven of his officers, at Molina, in Arragon, and they have been all shot. The Empecinado, who distinguished himself in the war against Buonaparte, has been put to death, as well as several other brave men who have exerted themselves in the same cause. A conspiracy has been discovered, which had for its object the dethronement of the king, and the crowning his brother Charles, who is a favourite with the monks, and others, who wish the re-establishment of ecclesiastical despotism.——The Emperor of Russia has issued a decree, ordering all the Jews in his dominions to settle fifty wersts from the western frontier, and absolutely prohibiting them from residing in the provinces of Astrachan and Caucasus.—The Turkish government has taken umbrage at the assistance given to the Greeks by English officers entering into their service, and representations have been made on the subject to the British minister at Constantinople. This circumstance may lead to serious

consequences. In the mean time, the hostile parties are conducting their warfare with the most barbarous cruelty on both sides. The intelligence from Greece, however, at present, is little to be depended on. The latest information states, that Missolonghi still held out on the 12th of August, and that the Greek and Turkish fleets had met, though without any decisive result. Ibrahim Pacha was said to be in expectation of reinforcements and supplies from Egypt.——Nothing very important appears to have occurred with regard to the Burmese war. Sir Archibald Campbell, in the beginning of April, was on his march towards the capital of the Burman Empire; and General Cotton, who was advancing to join him, was attacked by the enemy and obliged to retreat.—An alteration of the currency at the Cape of Good Hope, by a proclamation of the Governor, has created much alarm among the colonists. Some new regulations, however, which have been recently made in the administration of that settlement, will probably tend to promote its tranquillity and advantage.—An insurrection of the negroes has taken place in Cuba, in consequence of which, many of the French there were murdered; but it has been suppressed, and order is said to be completely restored in that island.—The Emperor of Brazil and the state of Buenos Ayres, appear to be on the point of hostilities for the possession of Monte Video.—The contest between the Spaniards and Republicans in Peru is continued with obstinacy by both parties. The Patriot squadron, under Admiral Blanco, is blockading Callao, but Rodil, the governor, persists in holding out the castles against Bolivar. In Upper Peru, General Olaneta supports the cause of Spain; but it is expected that the Patriots will shortly prove triumphant in that country.

Domestic Occurrences.—Mr. Courtenay, advertised as the American phenomenon, on the 5th inst. took a flight through the air from the Cliff of Dover to the rope-walk in the Bay. He accomplished this feat of daring activity, by means of a cable two inches and a half in thickness, and 460 yards in length, stretched from one point to the other. On the 12th, he made a similar descent with perfect safety from a higher part of the cliff.—The statue of the Duke of Wellington in the Crescent at Ramsgate, was lately thrown down; and a reward of 20 guineas has been ineffectually offered for the discovery of the perpetrators of this piece of mischief.—Air-balloons, if they cannot be employed for purposes of utility, may, it seems, contribute to the public amusement in more ways than might have been anticipated. Green, the aeronaut, has been taking in his balloon passengers from Worcester, on aerial excursions, at five shillings a head.—A fellow dressed like a painter, lately contrived to sell to some persons at a public house in Tooley-street a number of painted sparrows, under pretence of their being curious foreign birds. He made his escape before the cheat was detected.—A dreadful accident has happened at Portsmouth, at the launching of a new-built ship, the Princess Charlotte, which took place

on the 10th inst. A bridge over some part of the harbour, on which a great number of people were standing, suddenly gave way, and they were all precipitated into the water. Some were rescued from the waves with broken bones, and many in a lifeless state. It could not be immediately ascertained how many individuals have fallen a sacrifice on this occasion.—A woman at Montrose, in Scotland, lately threw herself, in a fit of delirium, out of a three pair of stairs window. She not only escaped unhurt, but had the good luck to be cured of her malady, by the perilous leap.

Mr. W. Christmas, late clerk to Messrs. Hoares, was tried at the Old Bailey, on the 15th, for embezzling £1000, in Exchequer Bills, and being convicted, was sentenced to 14 years transportation.—At the same sessions, Patrick Welch was found guilty of murdering his wife, for which he suffered the usual sentence. Ellen Lyons, included in the indictment as an accomplice, was acquitted.—A man, who stated his name to be Eyton, by profession a portrait-painter, was taken by a beadle in a court in Fleet-street, with a razor in his hand, with which he appeared to be about to cut his throat. On being taken to the Mansion-house, he accounted for his conduct by the pressure of distress, and the ill usage of his wife, who, he said, had that morning abused him, and told him to go and hang himself. A few days after, Mrs. Eyton attended, and contradicted her husband's statement; and it appears that she had ceased to live with him, having, with her children, found an asylum at her mother's residence, in consequence of his refusal any longer to support them.—A Mr. St. Antonio, who had recently opened a dancing-school, or rather assembly-room, in Oxford-street, to which persons were admitted gratis, was brought to Mary-le-bone-office, as an offender against the law. It seems all who frequented his room were required to pay for coffee which nobody drank; and as this ingenious mode of levying contributions did not satisfy the magistrate, Mr. St. Antonio was dismissed with an admonition to close his dancing-room, under pain of prosecution.—A woman, supported by the parish of Christ-church, Surrey, but having the manners of a gentlewoman, recently applied to the Lord Mayor, begging that he would request assistance for her from the Duke of Northumberland, who, as she stated, held property which had been voluntarily resigned by her grandfather, who had been the second husband of the Duchess Dowager of Somerset, from whom the present Duke of Northumberland is descended. The Lord Mayor was unwilling to interfere in an affair of so much delicacy, but at the woman's repeated request he promised to write to his Grace. The recent alteration of the law relative to stealing the growing produce of gardens, has put it in the power of market-gardeners or others to shoot such depredators like other robbers. A man having been lately killed near Windsor while stealing fruit, the coroner's jury brought in a verdict of Justifiable Homicide.

THE DRAMA.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

The new comedy called "Thorns and Roses, or Two Houses under one Roof," has had some success, though there is no novelty in the plot, nor any thing very striking in the characters of the piece. The story merely consists of the schemes of a young lady and her lover, to cheat an ill-natured guardian of the former out of his consent to an union with the man of her heart; and of the characters, none are worth noticing but those of the two old gentlemen; one peevish, cross, and passionate; and the other the essence of good-nature and levity; the former of which owed more to the acting of Farren than to the author, and the success of the latter chiefly depended on the comic powers of Liston.—A farce, intitled "Exchange no Robbery," has since been performed at this Theatre. And on the 13th of this month "Paul Pry," a comedy, in three acts, from the pen of Mr. Poole, was exhibited at the Haymarket. The hero of the drama, Paul Pry, as his name indicates, is a second Marplot, perpetually intruding into the affairs of other people and neglecting his own, in consequence of which, he is subjected to many ludicrous misfortunes.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

Mr. Matthews appeared at this theatre, for the first time this season on the 11th inst. as Mr. Blushington, in The Bashful Man, a character in which he has previously displayed his amusing talents. On the 7th. a new melo-drama, "The Shepherd Boy," written by Mr. Arnold, was presented here, to the general satisfaction of a crowded audience. The story of the piece relates to the recognition of a deserted son by his repentant father. The incidents are well contrived and affecting; affording much scope for the abilities of the performers, especially Mr. Cooper and Miss Kelly, who appeared in the principal characters.—On the following evening was produced, a farce called the "Stout Gentleman," said, to have been either written or revised by Mr. Peake. It does little credit to the author, as the outline of the farce is borrowed from a sketch by Washington Irving, and the story is spoilt by the dramatist.

At the Coburg Theatre, a new piece, detailing the History of Buonaparte, from the Battle of Waterloo till his death, has proved very popular. The French Coronation is exhibiting at Astley's. And Monsieur Gouffa is aping the monkey, to the vast amusement of the spectators, at the Surrey Theatre. The Olympic and the Adelphi, are making preparations to open with effect shortly.

BRITISH MUSEUM
18
50
MAY

Fashionable Walking & Evening Dresses for Oct.r 1825

Invented by Miss Pierpoint, Edward Street, Portman Square.

Pub.d Oct.r 1825 by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR OCTOBER, 1825.

EVENING DRESS.

A DRESS of gauze over white satin, elegantly ornamented at the bottom by a full puffing of the same material, confined at regular distances by narrow straps of satin, cut in bias. Robings of satin, carried from the left side, and finished by a rich cluster of flowers. The sleeves are short, with a corresponding trimming to the skirt. The corsage is crossed to meet in the centre, and a broad riband to pass round the waist. Ear-rings of pearl. Long white kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

MORNING DRESS.

A CLOSE dress of pink *gros de Naples*, trimmed round the border with four deep bias folds, each wadded, and surmounted by a very narrow cord. The sleeves are full, and confined at the wrist by narrow straps; a white silk *sautoir*, with a narrow border. Hat of white *gros de Naples*, with white lappets, edged round with narrow blond; the crown is ornamented by a full puffing of silk and blond, intermixed with small bunches of flowers.

HEAD-DRESS.—The most fashionable style of dressing the hair, is to divide it on each temple, so as to throw the curls full in the centre off the forehead; the rest to be twisted full over the ear, intermixed with small roses: the braid is dressed higher than last month, in a variety of bows and Parisian curls. A handsome plume of white feathers finishes this elegant head-dress.

These tasteful and appropriate dresses were invented by MISS PIERPOINT, Edward-street, Portman-square.—The elegant head-dress, by MR. COLLEY, Bishopsgate-within.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

Although the votaries of fashion are still enjoying themselves at the different watering places, we have, nevertheless, collected a few novelties which we hasten to present before our fair readers. The most approved pelisse is of lavender-coloured *gros de Naples*, fastened down the front with a chain-work, formed of *rouleaux*, which produces a striking effect. Over a falling collar is another of fine muslin, richly embroidered. Over high dresses, when the weather is warm, the only covering is a light *sautoir* or Arachne red shawl; white scarfs of this beautiful material are much admired, displaying underneath, a rich broad riband, formed into a sash; the shades are, from a dark brown to the palest lilac.

Pelisse gowns of *gros de Naples*, and cambric, or jaconaut *redingotes*, are in great favour; the latter are generally trimmed with three broad tucks up one side of the front and round the skirt: a large silk pelerine tucked to correspond: the sleeves are full, and simply confined by a band at the wrist. Some have no trimming round the skirt, but are ornamented up the front with puffings of clear muslin. The pelerine is richly embroidered; and the sleeve is finished by lettings-in of work in a spiral direction. An Urling's patent lace or gossamer shawl, or scarf, is always worn with a dress of this description. In general, the dresses, this autumn, are made high; they are surmounted by handsome collars, and are, when of silk, trimmed with several flounces, pointed in the vandyke style, and headed by rich satin *rouleaux:* the points are bound with narrow *rouleaux* to correspond.—A beautiful material for rural dress-parties, called pencilled muslin, has appeared of late; the ground is white, and figured over with the most elegantly finished pattern, of stripes, representing small flowers and foliage, clustered together. The border of dresses of this material is ornamented with long puffings of clear muslin, each puffing confined by a foliage of dark brown satin. The corsage is of white satin, pointed in front of the waist, in the antique style, with long sleeves of thread tulle, fastened down the outside of the arm with bows of white satin riband, and confined at equal distances by straps of white satin. The same kind of corsage, but with short sleeves, is worn with white Urling's lace dresses,

over white satin; now the most fashionable evening dress among ladies of the highest rank.

Bonnets of *gros de Naples,* ornamented with ribands, are very general. Very fine white straw hats are much in request; they are for the most part trimmed only with shaded riband. Leghorn hats are still in favour. Those of chip, trimmed with flowers, are generally accompanied by a rose-coloured *crèpe lisse* gauze veil.

The head-dresses are very elegant and becoming; the home and half dress caps and cornettes are made of the finest blond; those for deshabille are ornamented with small bows of peach-coloured satin riband, or a gauze riband, the stripes of which are beautifully shaded; a half-dress cornette of blond, ornamented with bouquets of full-blown roses, is greatly admired; a diadem point of *tulle,* edged with white satin and blond, surmounts this tasteful cap. The hair is now dressed in smaller curls on the forehead; the curls are arranged high and full. Flowers, mingled with knots of *crepe lisse,* or riband, continue in fashion; the flowers are disposed with great taste amidst the bows of the hind hair; the front is either left without ornament, or has a bandeau of pearls placed low on the forehead, and partially seen through the curls, producing a fine effect upon dark hair. Toques and turbans are not much in favour with young ladies; the small early rose of Paradise is the favourite, and almost only, ornament worn at balls and rural fêtes. Head-dresses arranged in the form of a toque, but so as partially to display the hair, are in great request.

The most fashionable colours for dresses are auricula-brown, pink, lavender, celestial-blue, and bright green.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

Never was there such a want of novelty in female attire as there is at present. It is a time of real happiness for fathers and husbands—a period of repose for the ladies, and one of despair for us. We survey the theatres and the fashionable promenades, but we can discover nothing, absolutely nothing, which is worth the trouble of being cited: at every step we behold canezouts; straw hats of a round or pilgrim shape; shaded ribands, &c. Every where the same uniformity of style and simplicity.

Among the generality of white dresses, two or three Scotch robes, with red and green stripes, are much distinguished. This kind of stuff is more than ever sought after by ladies of the first fashion in the choice of their apparel: thus we see daily the most elegant ladies in brilliant equipages alighting at the warehouses Sainte-Anne, for the purpose of choosing Scotch madras: so great success has determined the proprietor of these warehouses, which alone supply the material, to erect in his factory twenty new looms for this kind of stuff. We have seen some of the newest patterns and designs, which are extremely handsome. Some milliners have made robes, in the Greek style, of Scotch madras; they have a charming effect: in short, this stuff is so highly appreciated, that we have seen gentlemen of the highest rank adopting it for their cravats; and it is even said, they intend to have the same colours and design on woollen stuffs for cloaks during the ensuing winter.—After the Scotch stuffs, the *Andrinoples* are now the principal attraction: the ground of these is always of a deep red (red Rouen cotton); but the designs in black begin to vary in their pattern: sometimes they are in the form of twisted columns, and again in detached crossings; however, the greater part have still large black stripes. The white canezout is indispensable with this costume, in order to soften the harshness of the colour on approaching too near the figure. These Andrinoples having made their appearance among the second class of fashionables, we believe the stuff will not continue long in vogue.

Hats of crape, or rose-coloured gauze, have a branch of flowers formed of roses and jessamine; a part of this branch, placed at the top of the crown, falls again over the back of the hat, whilst the other half appears to support a point of gauze which is placed on the right side. Others, of white gauze, have merely for ornament three hortensias, or three large pionies, blue, white, and yellow, placed in front, a little on one side. These are the finest fancy hats which we have seen. Hats of rice-straw, are now more worn than ever, and their ornaments vary to infinity, either as to the flowers or the manner of placing the ribands. When these hats are not sufficiently new to have plumes or flowers upon them, a half lace veil is placed around the brim, and by means of some knots of shaded ribands, they are speedily transformed into

undress hats, and are not without elegance. Hats of white *gros de Naples*, are still worn. One of the most distinguished has two large rosettes, or tufts of white satin riband, formed by a quantity of ends of riband fringed at the extremity. But the greater part of hats are trimmed with shaded ribands corresponding with the flowers placed in them: we have remarked a charming one, the flowers of which were of a canary yellow, streaked with aurora; the ribands were shaded in the same manner. Some lilac gauze hats, of a round shape, ornamented with ribands shaded with fire colour, have a beautiful effect. A small hat of rice-straw, of a Bolivar shape, ornamented with small detached branches of white and yellow jessamine, and deep red geranium, without foliage, has been distinguished at the Opera. These flowers were placed at equal distances around the hat: on the edge of the crown, above and over the side, was placed a bouquet of these flowers mingled with bunches of curls; no loops, and not even a single end of riband, were seen to spoil the grace and lightness of this beautiful hat. *For the theatre and evening* parties, the small bonnets of blond, the ground of which is open, are still much worn. Those bonnets, long known under the denomination of Bonnets *à l'Isabey*, are always ornamented either with detached flowers, or a garland of roses.

The fête at Tivoli, announced under the title of a *Kermesse* has satisfied, in every point, the expectation of the public: the company was more numerous than brilliant, and corresponded with the announcement of the fête: in a *Kermesse* all ranks are confounded. Thus were seen a handsome village girl, dressed in a short gingham gown of rose colour or blue, with a simple straw hat, ornamented with striped ribands, figuring away by the side of an elegant dame attired in a muslin robe trimmed with quadruple *ruches* in tulle, or flounces richly embroidered. Leghorn hats, with large plumes, were all the vogue; no marabouts; some hats of rice-straw ornamented with flowers; a few girdles, in the form of fichus, &c. such composed the generality of toilets which were displayed at this fête, leaving nothing to be desired for the public gratification.

Some robes of striped tissue have lately appeared; the stripes are very broad; the most distinguished are of a red ground with black stripes; others are of a very pale hazel ground, striped with blue or *solitaire*. At rural fetes the ladies retain

their hats for the dance; this custom throws the gentlemen into despair, for, owing to the present dimensions of the hats, it is impossible that a dancer can perceive the physiognomy of his lady, unless the figure of the country-dance favours him by placing him in front of her. The most part of the hats which we saw at these fetes, were of Leghorn, or Swiss straw, with knots of shaded ribands; many had one or two ribands which crossed the knot under the brim; the loops remained flowing.

Paris, 15th Sept. 1825.

The Andrinoples have lasted, like the summer rose, the space of a morning; never was a fall more complete and more prompt; they are now reduced to the lowest class of citizens, after having figured away for some hours in the front boxes of our great theatres; in short, this stuff is now worn by every body—that is to say, it is no longer confined to the fashionable circles. We are aware we are expressing ourselves strongly; but can we deceive the confidence of those ladies, who might allow themselves, perhaps, to be led away by the brillancy of a colour, which generally looks well? let them then confine themselves to tissues, the modest shades of which do not attract the public gaze. "But have you not, yourself, described one of these robes of Adrianople?" exclaim some of our fair readers. Alas! ladies, we follow in her flight the fugitive divinity, too happy often when we arrive in sufficient time to say to you, "She is about to pass; hasten to partake of her benefits."

We observed, the other day, a lady walking in the Tuilleries, whose costume was quite original. Her robe was of a deep green tissue: between the rows of six flounces was placed an embroidery formed of flowers and white lilies, bordered with bright yellow, almost aurora. A girdle *à l'Inca*, of shaded ribands, white, bright green, and yellow, was surrounded by a small fringe uniting all these colours; in short, to complete the harmony of this medley, her hat of green gauze was ornamented with three large poppies, red, green, and white.

As there is at this moment no general mode which can be called new, we are thus anxious to catch at random some of those particular dresses, the details of which may, at least, amuse the curiosity of our fair readers, awaiting the period when the return of the fashionable season for toilets may furnish us with fresh topics for description.

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

THE CONDEMNED CRIMINAL

On the Eve before his Execution.

His shackled hands were clasp'd; his dark eyes blaz'd
With more than mortal fire, and they were rais'd
As if in silent pray'r to that offended Heav'n
Whose sacred laws he had so madly riv'n.
The last sad ling'ring light of closing day
Shot through the iron grate its parting ray—
And, Oh! his groan was that of wild despair,
As his sad eyes by chance were rested there.
"To-day," he cry'd—and smote his aching breast,
"To-day, is mis'ry,—but 'tis hallow'd rest
To what, perchance, to-morrow's dawn may find
The bitter portion of a wretch so blind.
The rod of earthly justice waves on high,
And were that all, methinks 'twere nought to die;
But oh, my God!—if such a wretch may dare
To call thee his———thy mercy cannot spare
A soul so black with sin,—so foul a fiend,
A murderer—a criminal condemn'd!
Tho' stern the sentence, yet 'twere justly giv'n,
A wretch like me would stain the joys of Heav'n.
And now, that blissful time no more is mine,
When poor, I yet was rich, unknowing crime.
Though every day awoke me to distress,
Though ev'ry night beheld my little less,
The sun's retiring rays ne'er fell so blank,
For oh! my heart was not so foully rank.
The tempter came—and I, unhappy I,
Heard his foul voice,—and, trembling, cast the die!
Then my sad life, and happiness, were gone,
And my soul's hope for ever was undone;
For ever! 'tis a pealing awful sound,—
Is there no hope, no mercy to be found?

The thief upon the cross for mercy cried,
Repented, and was pardoned e'er he died;
And may not I?—oh! joyous, blissful thought,
Has not the blood of Christ *my pardon* bought?
To-morrow's dreaded day may drown my shame,
And Penitence may cleanse the murd'rer's name.
And now—e'en now, my *last sun* sinks to rest,
The next will beam upon my senseless breast.

H. A.

ODE

ON L——'S WEDDING DAY.

Swell the loud trumpet's note of gladness!
And strike the wild harp's string of joy!
Away—away, ye fiends of Sadness,
Whose breath would wither and destroy
The wreaths that Pleasure's brow adorn,
And hush the songs of Bridal Morn!

A Father on his child is gazing,
A Lover on his youthful Bride,—
And Hope her pleasant voice is raising,
And Joy and Revelry preside!
And gentle dreams, and visions gay,
Are smiling on this Bridal Day!

Young Hymen's flowery chain is wreathing,—
Faith, Truth, and Love, the tendrils twine,—
Many a fervent wish is breathing,
Many a prayer for thee and thine;
Then, oh! receive this tribute lay,
Sweet Lady! on thy Bridal Day!

Oh! may the forms of Fancy's dreaming
Ne'er from the future's landscape fly!
But life, with love and gladness beaming,
Still kindle rapture in thine eye;
And prove as bright, and fair, and gay,
As this auspicious Bridal Day!

THE BATTLE.

THE Bard the battle saw,
He saw the guilt of man,
He heard the frantic voice of War,
As through the hosts she ran.

Before her, Discord rode,
And gave the signal-word;
Marking her path with human blood,
The banner and the sword.

And erring wounded Pride,
Carried the ensign'd spear;
Revenge and Wrath were at her side,
And Mis'ry in the rear:

And Fury, rais'd on high,
Discharg'd the deadly storm,
And Tumult drown'd the soldier's cry,
And Havoc tore his form;

And Death, and Woe, and Pain,
From which men flee away,
Approach'd unfear'd, unnoticed then,
And revel'd in the fray.

At length enlarged, and red,
Leaving the sanguine field,
The Sun sunk in his hazy bed,
And Night the mountains veil'd.

Then Flight his trumpet blew,
And call'd his hosts away;
Triumph and Slaughter after flew,
And seiz'd their panting prey.

And as the last alarms
Fled, with the passing gale,
And shouts, and shrieks, and hoofs, and arms,
Were hurried down the vale;

And silent Sorrow hung,
Her dews on those who slept;
Sad, to himself the Minstrel sung,
While for the fall'n he wept:

"The pow'rful and the great,
Perhaps, can tell me why,
So many, strong, and hale, of late,
Have met their destiny."

"For vain to me appears,
The glory they may get,
When with the heart-broke widow's tears
And orphan's sorrows set."

D. D. D,

TRANSLATION

OF THE ITALIAN SONNET OF "TROBALDEO," INSERTED IN THE MUSEUM FOR JULY LAST.

Light of my life! my soul's beloved treasure,
Who yet will long survive, while years pass by;
Oh! if you wish that I in peace should die,
Restrain, alas! thy grief, that knows no measure.

To see thy woe adds bitterness to fate,
And ah! if you must weep for me, delay
Till my faint soul has wing'd her airy way,
For, even now, she bursts the yielding gate.

This, at my parting, will I ask alone,
That thou wilt never stain the bed of love,
That now I leave, in manhood's morning flown.
And, if against *thy* will, *mine* ever strove,
O grant my pardon.—Even now I'm gone.
Remain in peace; I wait for thee above.

W. G. King.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Lines on "Hope," are received and approved.

"London," an Allegory, is under consideration.

"The Penitent,"—"The Inn-keeper of Albeville," and "Henry," are received.

Engraved by Woolnoth, from an Original Painting.

Elizabeth, Queen of England.

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